"PROMINENT" MEN

A SERIES

OF

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

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BY

C. H. STROVER, B.A. (Oxon.),
Islamia College, Peshawar.

RAI SAHIB M. GULAB SINGH & SONS,
Educational Publishers,
LAHORE.

1936.

Printed by L. Moti Ram, Manager, at the Mufid-i-'Am Press, situated at Chatterjee Road, and published by Rai Sahib Lala Sohan Lal, Managing Proprietor, Rai Sahib M. Gulab Singh & Sons, Lahore.

INTRODUCTION.

The way of the biographer is hard. It is a very difficult thing to write the truth about real men. If the subject of the biography is still living, or has but recently died the biographer has to be very careful what he says for fear of the law of libel or of offending the gentleman's relatives and friends. If, on the other hand, the subject has been so long dead that the writer can say what he likes about him there is the risk that the biography will be a dry-as-dust record of a personage in whom few people to-day are interested, and that the reading public will be presented with a clanking skeleton rather than a human being.

As regards truthfulness of portraiture, autobiography is, of course, even more difficult. No man is compounded all of virtue and ability; how is he to tell the truth about himself—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? Two things militate against him, natural modesty, which prevents him blowing such a blast upon his own trumpet as perhaps his actual deeds demand, and a sense of shame for those other things he has done and thought, which he had rather none knew about but which are part of the picture all the same. This is why so many autobiographies are merely records of external events and collections of anecdotes concerning contemporary people. Perhaps the only way to write a truthful autobiography is for the writer to stand outside himself and write the story of his life under an assumed name and disguised circumstances. In other words, in order to tell the truth he must be prepared to lie.

Biographers in general may be said to fall into three main classes: the Boosters, the Unbiassed and the Debunkers. The Boosters work on the motto, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—of the dead say nothing unless good. The Unbiassed try to hold the scales of justice in a steady hand, sifting and rejecting and often succeeding in stamping out every spark of human interest that may have burned in their subjects. The Debunkers owe their name to an Americanism. 'Bunk' means all sorts of flattering insincerities and nonsense. To 'debunk' therefore is to attempt to eliminate all this. Suppose the subject were one of the greatest law-givers of his day who in secret was addicted to alcoholism, the debunker emphasizes the alcoholism equally with the legislative ability, with the result, that, as the average reader is avid to seize upon and remember the less reputable passages, the biography tends to leave in the minds of the undiscerning an erroneous impression.

In this collection of biographical sketches the reader will no doubt be able to detect examples of each method,—compare, for instance, "John Bright" with "Dizzy." In reading "Dizzy" let us be just to both the author and his subject. Mr. Strachey may hold up a ridiculous figure for us to laugh at, but as he himself points out this same figure was one of the greatest of its age. The superficial absurdities of the man form but a background which, by contrast, makes the achievements of the statesman all the more dazzling.

The purpose of this book is twofold, it is intended not only to arouse interest in the personalities and careers of great men, but also to provide examples of English prose for the instruction of the students who will read the compilation. I use the word

'example' rather than 'model' advisedly. There is always a danger of students in the Intermediate Classes attempting to copy slavishly the style of a particular author who has taken their fancy. Style is, and must necessarily be individual. It is only by wide and steady reading that we can attain to that command of language that will lead imperceptibly to the formation of a good style in our own writing.

Acknowledgements and thanks for permission to reproduce essays of which they are the authors or of which they hold the copyright, are due and are hereby gratefully paid to Messrs. Chapman and Hall for "William Pitt, The Younger"; The Oxford University Press for "John Bright, Tribune" and for "Lord Lister"; Messrs. Jonathan & Co. and the author of the work "Genius and Character" for "Prince Otto Von Bismarck"; Mr. P. Guedalla for "The Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law"; Messrs. Longmans Green & Co. for "Sir Humfrey Gilbert"; Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. for "Walter Bagehot"; Messrs. George Routledge & Co. for "Patrick Geddes"; and Messrs. Chatto & Windus for "Dizzy".

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‘PROMINENT MEN’

JOHN HAMPDEN.

The public life of Hampden is surrounded by no obscurity. His history, more particularly from the year 1640 to his death, is the history of England.

The story of his early life is soon told. He was the head of a family which had settled in Buckinghamshire before the Conquest. Part of the estate which he inherited had been bestowed by Edward the Confessor on Baldwyn de Hampden, whose name seems to indicate that he was one of the Norman favourites of the last Saxon king. During the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, the Hampdens adhered to the party of the Red Rose,[1] and were, consequently persecuted by Edward the Fourth, and favoured by Henry the Seventh. Under the Tudors, the family was great and flourishing. Griffith Hampden, high sheriff of Buckinghamshire, entertained Elizabeth with great magnificence at his seat. His son, William Hampden, sat in the Parliament which that Queen summoned in the year 1593. William married Elizabeth Cromwell, aunt of the celebrated man[2] who afterwards governed the British Islands with more than regal power; and from this marriage sprang John Hampden.

He was born in 1594. In 1597 his father died, and left him heir to a very large estate. After passing some years at the Grammar School of Thame, young Hampden was sent, at fifteen, to Magdalen College, in the University of Oxford. At nineteen, he was

admitted a student of the Inner Temple, where he made himself master of the principles of the English law. In 1619 he married Elizabeth Symeon, a lady to whom he appears to have been fondly attached. In the following year he was returned to Parliament by a borough which has in our time obtained a miserable celebrity, the borough of Grampound.

Of his private life during his early years little is known beyond what Clarendon has told us. "In his entrance into the world," says that great historian, "he indulged himself in all the license in sports, and exercises, and company, which were used by men of the most jolly conversation." A remarkable change, however, passed in his character. "On a sudden," says Clarendon, "from a life of great pleasure and license, he retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, to a more reserved and melancholy society." It is probable that this change took place when Hampden was about twenty-five years old. At that age he was united to a woman whom he loved and esteemed. At that age he entered into political life. A mind so happily constituted as his would naturally, under such circumstances, relinquish the pleasures of dissipation for domestic enjoyment and public duties.

His enemies have allowed that he was a man in whom virtue showed itself in its mildest and least austere form. With the morals of a Puritan he had the manners of an accomplished courtier. Even after the change in his habits, "he preserved," says Clarendon, "his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and, above all, a flowing courtesy to all men." These qualities distinguished him from most of the members of his sect and his party, and, in the great crisis in which he afterwards took a principal part, were of scarcely less service to the country than his keen sagacity and his dauntless courage.

In January, 1621, Hampden took his seat in the House of Commons. His mother was exceedingly desirous that her son should obtain a peerage. His family, his possessions, and his personal accomplishments were such as would, in any age, have justified him in pretending to that honour. But in the reign of James the First there was one short-cut to the House of Lords. It was but to ask, to pay, and to have. The sale of titles was carried on as openly as the sale of boroughs in our times.[1] Hampden turned away with contempt from the degrading honours with which his family desired to see him invested, and attached himself to the party which was in opposition to the Court.

About the close of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth century, a great portion of the influence which the aristocracy had possessed passed to the Crown. No English king has ever enjoyed such absolute power as Henry the Eighth. But while the Royal prerogatives were acquiring strength at the expense of the nobility, two great revolutions took place, destined to be the parents of many revolutions—the invention of printing, and the reformation of the Church.

But the system on which the English princes acted with respect to ecclesiastical affairs for some time after the Reformation was a system too obviously unreasonable to be lasting. The public mind moved while the Government moved, but would not stop where the Government stopped. The same impulse which had carried millions away from the Church of Rome continued to carry them forward in the same direction. As Catholics had become Protestants, Protestants became Puritans;[2] and the Tudors and Stuarts were as unable to avert the latter change as the Popes had been to avert the former. The dissenting party increased

and became strong under every kind of discouragement and oppression. They were a sect. The Government persecuted them; and they became an opposition. The old constitution of England furnished them the means of resisting the sovereign without breaking the law. They were the majority of the House of Commons.

Hampden did not, during the reign of James, take any prominent part in public affairs. It is certain, however, that he paid great attention to the details of parliamentary business, and to the local interests of his own country. It was in a great measure owing to his exertions that Wendover and some other boroughs on which the popular party could depend recovered the elective franchise, in spite of the opposition of the Court.

The health of the King had for some time been declining. On the 27th of March, 1625, he expired. Under his weak rule, the spirit of liberty had grown strong, and had become equal to a great contest. The contest was brought on by the policy of his successor. Charles bore no resemblance to his father. He was not a driveller, or a pedant, or a buffoon, or a coward. It would be absurd to deny that he was a scholar and a gentleman, a man of exquisite taste in the fine arts, a man of strict morals in private life. His talents for business were respectable; his demeanour was kingly. But he was false, imperious, obstinate, narrow-minded, ignorant of the temper of his people, unobservant of the signs of his times. The whole principle of his government was resistance to public opinion; nor did he make any real concession to that opinion till it mattered not whether he resisted or conceded, till the nation which had long ceased to love him or to trust him, had at last ceased to fear him.

His first Parliament met in June, 1625. Hampden

sat in it as burgess[1] for Wendover. The King wished for money. The Commons wished for the redress of grievances. The war, however, could not be carried on without funds. The plan of the opposition was, it should seem, to dole out supplies by small sums, in order to prevent a speedy dissolution. They gave the King two subsidies only, and proceeded to complain that his ships had been employed against the Huguenots in France, and to petition in behalf of the Puritans who were persecuted in England. The King dissolved them, and raised money by Letters under his Privy Seal. The supply fell far short of what he needed; and, in the spring of 1626, he called together another Parliament. In this Parliament Hampden again sat for Wendover.

The Commons resolved to grant a very liberal supply, but to defer the final passing of the act for that purpose till the grievances of the nation should be redressed. The struggle which followed far exceeded in violence any that had yet taken place. The Commons impeached[2] Buckingham. The King threw the managers of the impeachment into prison. The Commons denied the right of the King to levy tonnage and poundage[3] without their consent. The King dissolved them. They put forth a remonstrance. The King circulated a declaration vindicating his measures, and committed some of the most distinguished members of the opposition to close custody. Money was raised by a forced loan, which was apportioned among the people according to the rate at which they had been respectively assessed to the last subsidy. On this occasion it was that Hampden made his first stand for the fundamental principle of the English constitution. He positively refused to lend a farthing. He was required to give his reasons. He answered "that he could be content to lend as well as others, but feared

to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it." For this spirited answer, the Privy Council committed him close prisoner to the Gate House. After some time, he was again brought up ; but he persisted in his refusal, and was sent to a place of confinement in Hampshire.

Money came in slowly ; and the King was compelled to summon another Parliament. In the hope of conciliating his subjects, he set at liberty the persons who had been imprisoned for refusing to comply with his unlawful demands. Hampden regained his freedom, and was immediately re-elected burgess for Wendover.

Early in 1628 the Parliament met. During its first session, the Commons prevailed on the King, after many delays and much equivocation, to give, in return for five subsidies, his full and solemn assent to that celebrated instrument, the second great charter of the liberties of England, known by the name of the Petition of Right. By agreeing to this act, the King bound himself to raise no taxes without the consent of Parliament, to imprison no man except by legal process, to billet no more soldiers on the people,[1] and to leave the cognizance of offences to the ordinary tribunals.

In the summer, this memorable Parliament was prorogued.[2] It met again in January, 1629.

They met in no complying humour. They took into their most serious consideration the measures of the Government concerning tonnage and poundage. They summoned the officers of the custom house to their bar. They interrogated the barons of the Exchequer. They committed[3] one of the sheriffs of London. Sir John Eliot, a distinguished member of the opposition, and an intimate friend of Hampden, proposed a resolution condemning the

unconstitutional imposition. The Speaker said that the King had commanded him to put no such question to the vote. This decision produced the most violent burst of feeling ever seen within the walls of Parliament. Hayman remonstrated vehemently against the disgraceful language which had been heard from the chair. Eliot dashed the paper which contained his resolution on the floor of the House. Valentine and Hollis held the Speaker down in his seat by main force, and read the motion amidst the loudest shouts. The door was locked. The key was laid on the table. Black Rod knocked for admittance in vain. After passing several strong resolutions, the House adjourned. On the day appointed for its meeting it was dissolved by the King, and several of its most eminent members, among whom were Hollis and Sir John Eliot, were committed to prison.

Though Hampden had as yet taken little part in the debates of the House, he had been a member of many very important committees, and had read and written much concerning the law of Parliament. A manuscript volume of parliamentary cases, which is still in existence, contains many extracts from his notes.

He now retired to the duties and pleasures of rural life. During the eleven years which followed the dissolution of the Parliament of 1628, he resided at his seat in one of the most beautiful parts of the county of Buckingham. The house, which has since his time been greatly altered, and which is now, we believe, almost entirely neglected, was an old English mansion, built in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. It stood on the brow of a hill which overlooked a narrow valley. The extensive woods which surround it were pierced by long avenues. One of those avenues the grandfather of the great statesman had cut for the

approach of Elizabeth ; and the opening, which is still visible for many miles, retains the name of the Queen's Gap. In this delightful retreat Hampden passed several years, performing with great activity all the duties of a landed gentleman and a magistrate, and amusing himself with books and with field sports.

He was not in this retirement unmindful of his persecuted friends. In particular, he kept up a close correspondence with Sir John Eliot, who was confined in the Tower.

While he was engaged in these pursuits, a heavy domestic calamity fell on him. His wife, who had borne him nine children, died in the summer of 1634. She lies in the parish church of Hampden, close to the manor-house. The tender and energetic language of her epitaph still attests the bitterness of her husband's sorrow, and the consolation which he found in a hope full of immortality.

In the meantime, the aspect of public affairs grew darker and darker. All the promises of the King were violated without scruple or shame. The Petition of Right, to which he had, in consideration of moneys duly numbered,[1] given a solemn assent, was set at naught. Taxes were raised by the royal authority. Patents of monopoly were granted. The old usages of feudal times were made pretexts for harassing the people with exactions unknown during many years. The Puritans were persecuted with cruelty worthy of the Holy Office.[2] They were forced to fly from the country. They were imprisoned. They were whipped. Their ears were cut off. Their noses were slit. Their cheeks were branded with red-hot iron. But the cruelty of the oppressor could not tire out the fortitude of the victims.

For the misgovernment of this disastrous period Charles himself is principally responsible. A writ

was issued by the King, commanding the city of London to equip and man ships of war for his service. Similar writs were sent to the towns along the coast. These measures, though they were direct violations of the Petition of Right, had at least some show of precedent in their favour. But, after a time, the Government took a step for which no precedent could be pleaded, and sent writs of ship-money to the inland counties. This was a stretch of power on which Elizabeth herself had not ventured, even at a time when all laws might with propriety have been made to bend to that highest law, the safety of the state. The inland counties had not been required to furnish ships, or money instead of ships, even when the Armada was approaching our shores. It seemed intolerable that a prince, who, by assenting to the Petition of Right, had relinquished the power of levying ship-money even in the out-ports, should be the first to levy it on parts of the kingdom where it had been unknown under the most absolute of his predecessors.

Clarendon distinctly admits that this tax was intended, not only for the support of the navy, "but for a spring and magazine that should have no bottom, and for an everlasting supply on all occasions." The nation well understood this; and from one end of England to the other the public mind was strongly excited.

Buckinghamshire was assessed at a ship of four hundred and fifty tons, or a sum of four thousand five hundred pounds. The share of the tax which fell to Hampden was very small; so small, indeed, that the sheriff was blamed for setting so wealthy a man at so low a rate. But, though the sum demanded was a trifle, the principle involved was fearfully important. Hampden, after consulting the most eminent constitutional lawyers of the time, refused to pay the few

shillings at which he was assessed, and determined to incur all the certain expense, and the probable danger, of bringing to a solemn hearing this great controversy between the people and the Crown. "Till this time," says Clarendon, "he was rather of reputation in his own country than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and prosperity of the kingdom."

Towards the close of the year 1636, this great cause came on in the Exchequer Chamber, before all the judges of England. The leading counsel against the writ was the celebrated Oliver St. John, a man whose temper was melancholy, whose manners were reserved, and who was as yet little known in Westminster Hall, but whose great talents had not escaped the penetrating eye of Hampden. The Attorney-General and Solicitor-General appeared for the Crown.

The arguments of the counsel occupied many days; and the Exchequer Chamber took a considerable time for deliberation. The opinion of the bench was divided. So clearly was the law in favour of Hampden that, though the judges held their situations only during the royal pleasure, the majority against him was the least possible. Four of the twelve pronounced in his favour decidedly; a fifth took a middle course; the remaining seven gave their voices for the writ.

The only effect of this decision was to make the public indignation stronger and deeper. "The judgment," says Clarendon, "proved of more advantage and credit to the gentleman condemned than to the King's service. The courage which Hampden had shown on this occasion, as the same historian tells us, "raised his reputation to a great height generally throughout the kingdom."

The person of Hampden was now scarcely safe. His prudence and moderation had hitherto disappointed those who would gladly have had a pretence for sending him to the prison of Eliot. But he knew that the eye of a tyrant was on him.

Hampden determined to leave England. Beyond the Atlantic Ocean, a few of the persecuted Puritans had formed, in the wilderness of Connecticut, a settlement which has since become a prosperous commonwealth, and which, in spite of the lapse of time and of the change of government, still retains something of the character given to it by its first founders. He was now, it appears, desirous to withdraw himself beyond the reach of oppressors, who, as he probably suspected, and as we know, were bent on punishing his manful resistance to their tyranny. He was accompanied by his kinsman, Oliver Cromwell, over whom he possessed great influence, and in whom he alone had discovered, under an exterior appearance of coarseness and extravagance those great and commanding talents which were afterwards the admiration and the dread of Europe.

The cousins took their passage in a vessel which lay in the Thames, and which was bound for North America. They were actually on board, when an order of council appeared, by which the ship was prohibited from sailing. Seven other ships, filled with emigrants were stopped at the same time. Hampden and Cromwell remained ; and with them remained the Evil Genius of the House of Stuart. But towards the close of the year 1638 the danger of an insurrection became pressing. An army was raised ; and early in the following spring Charles marched northward at the head of a force sufficient, as it seemed, to reduce the Covenanters[1] to submission.

But Charles acted at this conjuncture as he acted

at every important conjuncture throughout his life. After oppressing, threatening, and blustering, he hesitated and failed. He was bold in the wrong place, and timid in the wrong place. He would have shown his wisdom by being afraid before the liturgy was read in St. Giles's Church. He put off his fear till he had reached the Scottish border with his troops. Then, after a feeble campaign, he concluded a treaty with the insurgents, and withdrew his army. But the terms of the pacification were not observed. Each party charged the other with foul play. The Scots refused to disarm. The King found great difficulty in re-assembling his forces. His late expedition had drained his treasury. The revenues of the next year had been anticipated. At another time, he might have attempted to make up the deficiency by illegal expedients ; but such a course would clearly have been dangerous when part of the island was in rebellion. It was necessary to call a Parliament. After eleven years of suffering, the voice of the nation was to be heard once more.

In April, 1640, the Parliament met; and the King had another chance of conciliating his people. The new House of Commons was, beyond all comparison, the least refractory House of Commons that had been known for many years.

In this Parliament Hampden took his seat as member for Buckinghamshire, and thenceforward, till the day of his death, gave himself up, with scarcely any intermission, to public affairs. He was now decidedly the most popular man in England. The opposition looked to him as their leader, and the servants of the King treated him with marked respect.

Charles requested the Parliament to vote an immediate supply, and pledged his word that, if they would gratify him in this request he would afterwards give

them time to represent their grievances to him. The grievances under which the nation suffered were so serious and the royal word had been so shamefully violated, that the Commons could hardly be expected to comply with this request. During the first week of the session, the minutes of the proceedings against Hampden were laid on the table by Oliver St. John, and a committee reported that the case was a matter of grievance. The King sent a message to the Commons, offering, if they would vote him twelve subsidies, to give up the prerogative of ship-money. Many years before, he had received five subsidies in consideration of his assent to the Petition of Right. By assenting to that Petition, he had given up the right of levying ship-money, if he ever possessed it. How he had observed the promises made to his third Parliament, all England knew; and it was not strange that the Commons should be somewhat unwilling to buy from him, over and over again, their own ancient and undoubted inheritance.

His message, however, was not unfavourably received. The Commons were ready to give a large supply; but they were not disposed to give it in exchange for a prerogative of which they altogether denied the existence. If they acceded to the proposal of the King, they recognized the legality of the writs of ship-money.

Hampden, who was a greater master of parliamentary tactics than any man of his time, saw that this was the prevailing feeling, and availed himself of it with great dexterity. He moved that the question should be put, "Whether the House would consent to the proposition made by the King, as contained in the message." Hyde interfered, and proposed that the question should be divided; that the sense of the House should be taken merely on the point whether there

should be a supply or no supply ; and that the manner and the amount should be left for subsequent consideration.

The majority of the House was for granting a supply, but against granting it in the manner proposed by the King. If the House had divided on Hampden's question, the Court would have sustained a defeat ; if on Hyde's, the Court would have gained an apparent victory. Some members called for Hyde's motion, others for Hampden's. In the midst of the uproar, the Secretary of State, Sir Henry Vane, rose and stated that the supply would not be accepted unless it were voted according to the tenor of the message. Vane was supported by Herbert, the Solicitor-General. Hyde's motion was therefore no further pressed, and the debate on the general question was adjourned till the next day.

On the next day the King came down to the House of Lords, and dissolved the Parliament with an angry speech. His conduct on this occasion has never been defended by any of his apologists. Clarendon condemns it severely. "No man," says he, "could imagine what offence the Commons had given." The offence which they had given is plain. They had, indeed, behaved most temperately and most respectfully. But they had shown a disposition to redress wrongs and to vindicate the laws.

As soon as Charles had dismissed the Parliament he threw several members of the House of Commons into prison. Ship-money was exacted more rigorously than ever ; and the mayor and sheriffs of London were prosecuted before the Star Chamber for slackness in levying it.

The game of tyranny was now up. Charles had risked and lost his last stake. It is not easy to retrace the mortifications and humiliations which the tyrant

now had to endure, without a feeling of vindictive pleasure. His army was mutinous; his treasury was empty; his people clamoured for a Parliament; addresses and petitions against the Government were presented. He struggled, he evaded, he hesitated, he tried every shift, rather than again face the representatives of his injured people. At length no shift was left. He made a truce with the Scots, and summoned a Parliament.

The leaders of the popular party had, after the late dissolution, remained in London for the purpose of organizing a scheme of opposition to the Court. They now exerted themselves to the utmost. Hampden, in particular, rode from county to county, exhorting the electors to give their votes to men worthy of their confidence. The great majority of the returns was on the side of the opposition. Hampden was himself chosen member both for Wendover and Buckinghamshire. He made his election to serve for the county.

On the 3rd of November, 1640, a day to be long remembered, met that great Parliament, destined to every extreme of fortune, to empire and to servitude, to glory and to contempt; at one time the sovereign of its sovereign, at another time the servant of its servants and the tool of its tools. From the first day of its meeting the attendance was great; and the aspect of the members was not of men not disposed to do the work negligently. The dissolution of the late Parliament had convinced most of them that half measures would no longer suffice.

During this year the Court opened a negotiation with the leaders of the opposition. The Earl of Bedford was invited to form an administration on popular principles. Sir John was made Solicitor-General. Hollis was to have been Secretary of State and Pym Chancellor of the Exchequer. The post of tutor to the

Prince of Wales was signed for Hampden. The death of the Earl of Bedford prevented this arrangement from being carried into effect; and it may be doubted whether even if that nobleman's life had been prolonged, Charles would ever have consented to surround himself with counsellors whom he could not but hate and fear.

Lord Clarendon admits that the conduct of Hampden during this year was mild and temperate, that he seemed disposed rather to soothe than to excite the public mind, and that, when violent and unreasonable motions were made by his followers, he generally left the House before the division, lest he should seem to give countenance to their extravagance. His temper was moderate. He sincerely loved peace. He felt also great fear lest too precipitate a movement should produce a reaction. The events which took place early in the next session clearly showed that this fear was not unfounded.

During the autumn the Parliament adjourned for a few weeks. Before the recess, Hampden was despatched to Scotland by the House of Commons, nominally as a commissioner, to obtain security for a debt which the Scots had contracted during the late invasion; but in truth that he might keep watch over the King, who had now repaired to Edinburgh, for the purpose of finally adjusting the points of differences which remained between him and his northern subjects. It was the business of Hampden to dissuade the Covenanters from making their peace with the Court at the expense of the popular party in England.

But that which Hampden had feared had come to pass. A reaction had taken place A large body of moderate and well-meaning men, who had heartily concurred in the strong measures adopted before the recess, were inclined to pause. Their opinion was that during many years, the country had been grievously

misgoverned, and that a great reform had been necessary; but that a great reform had been made, that the grievances of the nation had been fully redressed, that sufficient vengeance had been exacted for the past, that sufficient security had been provided for the future, and that it would, therefore, be both ungrateful and unwise to make any further attack on the royal prerogative. In support of this opinion many plausible arguments have been used. But to all these arguments there is one short answer. The King could not be trusted.

A direct collision soon took place between the two parties into which the House of Commons, lately at almost perfect unity with itself, was now divided. The opponents of the Government moved that celebrated Address to the King which is known by the name of the Grand Remonstrance. In this address all the oppressive acts of the preceding fifteen years were set forth with great energy of language; and, in conclusion the King was entreated to employ no ministers in whom the Parliament could not confide.

The debate on the Remonstrance was long and stormy. It commenced at nine in the morning of the 21st of November, and lasted till after midnight. The division showed that a great change had taken place in the temper of the House. Though many members had retired from exhaustion, three hundred voted; and the Remonstance was carried by a majority of only nine. A violent debate followed, on the question whether the minority should be allowed to protest against the decision. The excitement was so great that several members were on the point of proceeding to personal violence. "We had sheathed our swords in each other's bowels," says an eye-witness, "had not the sagacity and great calmness of Mr. Hampden, by a short speech, prevented it." The House did not rise till two in the morning.

Charles had now a last chance of regaining the affection of his people. If he could have resolved to give his confidence to the leaders of the moderate party in the House of Commons, and to regulate his proceedings by their advice, he might have been, not, indeed, as he had been, a despot, but the powerful and respected king of a free people. The nation might have enjoyed liberty and repose under a government with Falkland at its head, checked by a constitutional opposition under the conduct of Hampden. It was not necessary that, in order to accomplish this happy end, the King should sacrifice any part of his lawful prerogative,[1] or submit to any conditions inconsistent with his dignity. It was necessary only that he should abstain from treachery, from violence, from gross breaches of the law. This was all that the nation was then disposed to require of him. And even this was too much.

For a short time he seemed inclined to take a wise and temperate course. He resolved to make Falkland Secretary of State and Culpeper Chancellor of the Exchequer. He declared his intention of conferring in a short time some important office on Hyde. He assured these three persons that he would do nothing relating to the House of Commons without their joint advice, and that he would communicate all his designs to them in the most unreserved manner. This resolution, had he adhered to it, would have averted many years of blood and mourning. But "in very few days," says Clarendon, "he did fatally swerve from it."

On the 3rd of January, 1642, without giving the slightest hint of his intention to those advisers whom he had solemnly promised to consult, he sent down the Attorney-General to impeach Lord Kimbolton, Hampden, Pym, Hollis, and two other members of the House of Commons, at the bar of the Lords, on a charge

of high treason. It is difficult to find in the whole history of England such an instance of tyranny, perfidy, and folly. The most precious and ancient rights of the subject were violated by this act. The only way in which Hampden and Pym could legally be tried for treason at the suit of the King, was by a petty jury on a bill found by a grand jury. The Attorney-General had no right to impeach them. The House of Lords had no right to try them.

The Commons refused to surrender their members. The Peers showed no inclination to usurp the unconstitutional jurisdiction which the King attempted to force on them. A contest began, in which violence and weakness were on the one side, law and resolution on the other. Charles sent an officer to seal up the lodgings and trunks of the accused members. The Commons sent their sergeant to break the seals. The tyrant resolved to follow up one outrage by another. In making the charge, he had struck at the institution of juries. In executing the arrest, he struck at the privileges of Parliament. He resolved to go to the House in person with an armed force and there to seize the leaders of the opposition, while engaged in the discharge of their parliamentary duties.

Lady Carlisle conveyed intelligence of the design to Pym. The five members had time to withdraw before the arrival of Charles. They left the House as he was entering New Palace Yard. He was accompanied by about two hundred halberdiers of his guard and by many gentlemen of the Court armed with swords. He walked up Westminster Hall. At the southern end of the hall his attendants divided to the right and left, and formed a lane to the door of the House of Commons. He knocked, entered, darted a look towards the place which Pym usually occupied, and, seeing it empty, walked up to the table.

The Speaker fell on his knees. The members rose and uncovered their heads in profound silence, and the King took his seat in the chair. He looked round the House. But the five members were nowhere to be seen. He interrogated the Speaker. The Speaker answered, that he was merely the organ of the House, and had neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, but according to their direction. The King muttered a few feeble sentences about his respect for the laws of the realm, and the privileges of Parliament, and retired. As he passed along the benches, several resolute voices called out audibly "Privilege!" He returned to Whitehall with his company of bravoes,[1] who, while he was in the House, had been impatiently waiting in the lobby for the word, cocking their pistols, and crying, "Fall on!" That night he put forth a proclamation, directing that the ports should be stopped, and that no person should, at his peril, venture to harbour the accused members.

Hampden and his friends had taken refuge in Coleman Street. The City of London was indeed the fastness of public liberty, and was, in those times, a place of at least as much importance as Paris during the French Revolution. The Londoners love their city with that patriotic love which is found only in small communities, like those of ancient Greece, or like those which arose in Italy during the middle ages. The numbers, the intelligence, the wealth of the citizens, the democratical form of their local government, and their vicinity to the Court and to the Parliament, made them one of the most formidable bodies in the kingdom. Even as soldiers they were not to be despised.

The Commons, in a few days, openly defied the King, and ordered the accused members to attend in their places at Westminster and to resume their parliamentary duties. The citizens resolved to bring back

the champions of liberty in triumph before the windows of Whitehall. Vast preparations were made both by land and water for this great festival.

On the eleventh of January, the Thames was covered with boats, and its shores with the gazing multitude. Armed vessels, decorated with streamers, were ranged in two lines from London Bridge to Westminster Hall. The members returned upon the river in a ship manned by sailors who had volunteered their services. The trainbands[1] of the city, under the command of the sheriffs, marched along the Strand, attended by a vast crowd of spectators, to guard the avenues to the House of Commons ; and thus, with shouts and loud discharges of ordnance, the accused patriots were brought back by the people whom they had served and for whom they had suffered. The restored members as soon as they had entered the House, expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude to the citizens of London. The sheriffs were warmly thanked by the Speaker in the name of Commons ; and orders were given that a guard selected from the trainbands of the city should attend daily to watch over the safety of the Parliament.

The excitement had not been confined to London. When intelligence of the danger to which Hampden was exposed reached Buckinghamshire it excited the alarm and indignation of the people. Four thousand freeholders of that county rode up to London to defend the person of their beloved representative. They came in a body to assure Parliament of their full resolution to defend its privileges. Their petition was couched in the strongest terms. " In respect," said they, "of that latter attempt upon the honourable House of Commons, we are now come to offer our service to that end, and resolved, in their just defence, to live and die."

A great struggle was clearly at hand. Hampden had returned to Westminster much changed. His influence had hitherto been exerted rather to restrain than to animate the zeal of his party. But the treachery, the contempt of law, the thirst for blood, which the King had now shown, left no hope of a peaceable adjustment. It was clear that Charles must be either a puppet or a tyrant, that no obligation of law or of honour could bind him, and that the only way to make him harmless was to make him powerless.

The proceedings of the King against the five members, or rather against that Parliament which had concurred in almost all the acts of the five members, was the cause of the civil war. It was plain that either Charles or the House of Commons must be stripped of all real power in the state. The best course which the Commons could have taken would perhaps have been to depose the King, as their ancestors had deposed Edward the Second and Richard the Second, and as their children afterwards deposed James. Had they done this, had they placed on the throne a prince whose character and whose situation would have been a pledge for his good conduct, they might safely have left to that prince all the old constitutional prerogatives of the Crown, the command of the army of the state, the powers of making peers, the power of appointing ministers, a veto on bills passed by the two Houses. Such a prince, reigning by their choice, could have been under the necessity of acting in conformity with their wishes. But the public mind was not ripe for such a measure. There was no Duke of Lancaster, no Prince of Orange, no great and eminent person, near in blood to the throne, yet attached to the cause of the people. Charles was then to remain king; and it was therefore necessary that he should be king only in name.

The conditions which the Parliament propounded were hard, but, we are sure, not harder than those which even the Tories, in the Convention of 1689, would have imposed on James, if it had been resolved that James should continue to be king. The chief condition was that the command of the militia and the conduct of the war in Ireland should be left to the Parliament. On this point was that great issue joined, whereof the two parties put themselves on God and on the sword.

The Commons would have the power of the sword; the King would not part with it: and nothing remained but to try the chances of war. Charles still had a strong party in the country. His august office, his dignified manners, his solemn protestations that he would for the time to come respect the liberties of his subjects, pity for fallen greatness, fear of violent innovation, secured to him many adherents. He had with him the Church, the universities, a majority of the nobles and of the old landed gentry. The austerity of the Puritan manners drove most of the gay and dissolute youth of that age to the royal standard. Many good, brave, and moderate men, who disliked his former conduct, and who entertained doubts touching his present sincerity, espoused his cause unwillingly and with many painful misgivings, because, though they dreaded his tyranny much, they dreaded democratic violence more.

On the other side was the great body of the middle orders of England, the merchants, the shopkeepers, the yeomanry, headed by a very large and formidable minority of the peerage and of the landed gentry. The Earl of Essex, a man of respectable abilities and of some military experience, was appointed to the command of the parliamentary army.

Hampden spared neither his fortune nor his person in the cause. He subscribed two thousand pounds

to the public service. He took a colonel's commission in the army, and went into Buckinghamshire to raise a regiment of infantry. His neighbours eagerly enlisted under his command. His men were known by the green uniform, and by their standard, which bore on one side the watchword of the Parliament, "God with us," and on the other the device of Hampden, "*Vestigia nulla retrosum.*"[1] This motto well described the line of conduct which he pursued. No member of his party had been so temperate, while there remained a hope that legal and peaceable measures might save the country. No member of his party showed so much energy and vigour when it became necessary to appeal to arms. He made himself thoroughly master of his military duty, and "performed it," to use the words of Clarendon, "upon all occasions most punctually." The regiment which he had raised and trained was considered as one of the best in the service of the Parliament. He exposed his person in every action, with an intrepidity which made him conspicuous even among thousands of brave men. "He was," says Clarendon, "of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend, and as much to be apprehended where he was so, as any man could deserve to be." Though his military career was short, and his military situation subordinate, he fully proved that he possessed the talents of a great general, as well as those of a great statesman.

The military errors of Essex were probably in some degree produced by political timidity. He was honestly, but not warmly, attached to the cause of the Parliament; and next to a great defeat he dreaded a great victory. Hampden, on the other hand, was for vigorous and decisive measures. When he drew the sword, as Clarendon has well said, he threw away the

scabbard. He had shown that he knew better than any public man of his time how to value and how to practise moderation. But he knew that the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility. On several occasions, particularly during the operations in the neighbourhood of Brentford, he remonstrated earnestly with Essex. Wherever he commanded separately, the boldness and rapidity of his movements presented a striking contrast to the sluggishness of his superior.

In the Parliament he possessed boundless influence. His employments towards the close of 1642 have been described by Denham in some lines which, though intended to be sarcastic, convey in truth the highest eulogy. Hampden is described in this satire as perpetually passing and repassing between the military station at Windsor and the House of Commons at Westminster, overawing the General, and as giving law to that Parliament which knew no other law. It was at this time he organized that celebrated association of counties, to which his party was principally indebted for its victory over the King.

In the early part of 1643, the shires lying in the neighbourhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed[1] by Rupert and his cavalry. Essex had extended his lines so far that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently surprised posts, burnt villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

The languid proceedings of Essex were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been

prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been entrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this conjuncture, England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents, the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

In the evening of the 17th of June, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following date he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the General. The cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction for the purpose of intercepting them. In the meantime, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the General himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the

Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green-Coats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxtor describes as a famous and excellent divine.

A short time before his death the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that, though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he yet agreed with that Church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my

country. O Lord, be merciful to—." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the Parish Church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colours, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay.

He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed in his party, many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier,[1] half frantic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the State, the valour and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both made the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers[2] who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from

the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflicts of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendency and burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

WILLIAM PITT, THE YOUNGER.

WILLIAM PITT, second son of the Earl of Chatham, was born on the 28th of May, 1759. The early promise of his childhood was not unmarked[1] by his father, and no means were left unemployed to realize it. Influenced partly by the delicate health of the boy, and still more by his own sense of parent's duty, Lord Chatham had his son educated at home under his own immediate inspection. A tutor was engaged to instruct him in the elements of school learning; and the great statesman himself devoted a portion of his leisure to form the principles and direct the understanding of his child. His manner of conducting this employment was suitable to the feeling which had prompted him to undertake it. He studied to sink the character of father in that of friend; he encouraged William and his other children to converse with him freely upon every topic; each day he made a point of delivering to them some instruction or advice; and every evening he closed this paternal exercise by reading, in their presence, a chapter of the Bible. It is also mentioned, that William being intended for a public speaker, one of his customary tasks was to declaim[2] on some given topic in the presence of his father; a practice to which he doubtless in some degree owed the remarkable fluency and correctness of diction, which afterwards characterized his speeches in Parliament.

Under such tuition, the young man made a rapid proficiency; at the early age of fourteen, he was found advanced enough for attending the university, and was

entered accordingly at Pembroke-hall College, Cambridge, in 1773. His progress here was equally rapid; he enjoyed some peculiar advantages, and profited well by them. To the valuable gifts of nature, a quick apprehension and a retentive memory, he added the no less valuable habit of steadfast and zealous application; and, by his father's request, each of the two college tutors devoted an hour every day to his improvement. One of these tutors was Dr. Pretyman, now[1] Dr. Tomline, Bishop of Winchester. His connexion with Mr. Pitt began here; it gradually ripened into a closer attachment, and continued unbroken till death divided it. This circumstance speaks favourably for the feelings of Mr. Pitt; except in acts of mutual kindness, there could be little sympathy between them. The learned prelate is now writing a life of his illustrious pupil, three volumes of which have already been published.

Mr. Pitt was too young to acquire much distinction by his academical exercises, among competitors grown up to manhood. But his residence at Cambridge was marked by qualities much more valuable than such distinctions imply. His diligence and regularity continued unabated; he was gradually enriching his mind with the treasures of learning, and forming his conduct on the principles of virtue and sobriety. Indulging in few relaxations, and no excess, he pursued his studies with such intensity, that his naturally feeble health was frequently in danger; and the chief care of his affectionate parent was not to excite his ardour, but to restrain it. "All you want at present," he writes to him on one occasion, "is quiet; with this, if your ardour can be kept in till you are stronger, you will make noise enough. How happy the task, my noble amiable boy, to caution you *only against pursuing too much*

all those liberal and praiseworthy things, to which less happy natures are to be perpetually spurred and driven! I will not tease you with too long a letter in favour of *inaction* and a competent *stupidity*,[1] your best tutors and companions at present. You have time to spare, consider there is but the Encyclopaedia and when you have mastered all that, what will remain? You will want, like Alexander, another world to conquer."

This excellent father he lost in 1778: a circumstance which, to a less sound and steady mind, might have proved of fatal consequence. But Mr. Pitt, in his nineteenth year, was equal to the guidance of himself; his plan of life had already been chalked out[2] for him; and he possessed the qualifications necessary for pursuing it with success. Intended for the bar and the senate, he busied himself unweariedly in preparing for the duties of both. After quitting the university, and spending a winter at Rheims in France, having completed his terms[3] at Lincoln's Inn was made a counsellor[4] in 1780, when he became of age. In the ensuing western circuit, he followed the court,[5] and appeared in several minor causes with great approbation. But brighter prospects opened to him elsewhere; he never made another journey of this kind. The Parliament being dissolved in the autumn of the same year, he started as a candidate for the University of Cambridge. Here, indeed, he was unsuccessful; the interest[6] of his competitors appeared so decidedly superior, that he withdrew without coming to a poll[7]: but a few months afterwards the interest of Sir James Lowther procured him a seat for the borough of Appleby, and he took his place accordingly in January 1781.

In this scene of his father's early triumphs, Mr. Pitt was destined to secure as brilliant triumphs at

an age still earlier. He had not yet completed his twenty-second year; and, in a few weeks, his talents had forced their way into notice, in spite of all the claims of the many distinguished orators who at that time swayed the House of Commons. His first speech was during the debate on Mr. Burke's bill for an economical reform in the civil list.[1] He is said to have been in some degree surprised into speaking; but the appearance he made indicated no such want of preparation. Mr. Byng, the member for Middlesex, knowing the sentiments of Mr. Pitt to be decidedly in favour of the bill, had requested him to reply to Lord Nugent, at that moment addressing the House in opposition to it. Mr. Pitt gave his friend a dubious[2] answer, which was construed into an assent, and the notice of it was circulated round in whispers. In the interim, however, he had come to the resolution not to rise; and it would have agitated a man of less self-possession to notice, that when Lord Nugent sat down, a universal pause ensued, and then a loud call from various quarters of the House for "Mr. Pitt." He stood up in consequence; his last[3] biographer thus describes what followed: "Though really not intending to speak, he was from the beginning collected and unembarrassed; he argued strongly in favour of the bill, and noticed all the objections which had been urged by the Noble Lord who immediately preceded him in the debate, in a manner which greatly astonished all who heard him. Never were higher expectations formed of any person upon his first coming into Parliament, and never were expectations more completely answered. They were indeed much more than answered; such were the fluency and accuracy of language, such the perspicuity[4] of arrangement, and such the closeness of reasoning, and manly and dignified elocution—generally, even in a much less

degree, the fruits of long habit and experience—that it could scarcely be believed to be the first speech of a young man not yet two-and-twenty." Mr. Pitt spoke only thrice during this session ; but he acquitted himself so well, as before the end of it, to secure the reputation of a most able creator, from the best judges of his time. One of Mr. Fox's friends, about this period, observed to him, that Mr. Pitt promised to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons ; to which Mr. Fox instantly replied, "He is so already." A still warmer tribute of applause was paid him not long after, by Mr. Dunning : "Almost all the sentiments, he said, "which he had collected in his own mind on the subject (the misconduct of our naval affairs). had vanished away like a dream, on the bursting forth of a torrent of eloquence, from the greatest prodigy that ever was seen in his, or perhaps in any other country—an honourable gentleman possessing the full vigour of youth, united with the experience and wisdom of the maturest age."

The removal of Lord North and his adherent might have opened the way for Mr. Pitt's admission into office. The Rockingham party, anxious to appropriate the benefits of his eloquence, had even offered him the vice-treasurership of Ireland, a place of some consequence formerly held by his father. But Mr. Pitt, with a consciousness of great abilities, which succeeding events amply justified, had made up his mind from the first to accept of no situation which did not give him a place in the cabinet. He therefore refused this offer, though he continued to support the measure of the ministry, whose liberal system of government was naturally accordant with the principles of a son and pupil of the great Chatham. About this time, also, he brought forward the famous question of *Parliamentary Reform.* It appears that

about that period he had felt a considerable interest in this important subject; he had encouraged the combination formed in various parts of the kingdom in favour of it, and had himself sat as a delegate at a meeting convened in Westminster for this express purpose. He supported the same cause with great eloquence in his place in Parliament. His motion (May, 1782) "for a committee to inquire into the state of the representation in Parliament, and to report to the House their observations thereon," was lost by a majority of twenty; he again spoke earnestly in favour of reform in 1783; and lastly, while a minister in 1785, he presented a specific plan for effecting this object, which also was rejected. These proceedings were long afterwards contrasted with his subsequent proceedings in the same matter, and much loud accusation was drawn from the comparison.

By the Marquis of Rockingham's death, Lord Shelburne became Prime Minister; and Mr. Pitt was associated with him as Chancellor of the Exchequer,[1] in June 1782. The task which devolved on him was one of great difficulty. Lord Shelburne's elevation had converted several of his friends into bitter enemies; his peace with America and France was at best but a humiliating affair; and the whole charge of managing the House of Commons was intrusted to Mr. Pitt. Scarcely arrived at the age of twenty-three, he had thus to make head against the most formidable opposition. Lord North was still in his place, with ability or extent of connection undiminished; and the hostility of Mr. Fox, who had left the ministry at Rockingham's death, was at once strong and implacable. The quarrel of Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox is a well-known event; the mode in which the latter sought for justice or revenge, is also well known, and very diversely judged of. We need only at present remark,

that the combination of Lord North and Mr. Fox overpowered the new and unstable minister; he was compelled to resign, and Mr. Pitt went out[1] with him, in the beginning of 1783. Prior to this event, we are told, a reconciliation had been attempted. "Neither Mr. Pitt nor Lord Shelburne," says the Bishop of Winchester, "saw any reason why they should not act with Mr. Fox. It was therefore agreed that an offer should be made to him to return to office, for which purpose Mr. Pitt waited upon him by appointment. As soon as Mr. Fox heard the object of Mr. Pitt's visit, he asked whether it was intended that Lord Shelburne should remain First Lord of Treasury,[2] to which Mr. Pitt answered in the affirmative. Mr. Fox immediately replied, that it was impossible for him to belong to any administration of which Lord Shelburne was the head. Mr. Pitt observed, that if such was his determination, it would be useless for him to enter into any further discussion, "as he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne"; and he took his leave. This was, I believe, the last time Mr. Pitt was in a private room with Mr. Fox; and, from this period, may be dated that political hostility which continued through the remainder of their lives. The same feeling of integrity towards his colleague induced Mr. Pitt respectfully to decline the offer of succeeding him, which the King condescended to make him in person. He again would not "betray Lord Shelburne"; and, under the Duke of Portland, the united party of Lord North and Mr. Fox came into office in their stead.

This famous Coalition Ministry was offensive at once to the King and to a great portion of the country. Mr. Fox's share in it was entirely approved of by none but his very warmest partisans. Mr. Pitt, though he was of those who thought it "monstrous, in the ardent defender of the people's rights, to unite with

the lofty asserter of the prerogative,[1]" yet pledged himself not systematically to oppose their measures. They had his support on more than one occasion; but, on the first motion of Mr. Fox's celebrated India Bill, he expressed his unqualified dissent from it, and resisted it in all its stages. We need hardly mention the fate of this bill, it was pushed through the House of Commons by overpowering majorities; but the King took the alarm at the great and permanent accession of influence which it seemed to confer on the ministers; Lord Temple made known his Majesty's feelings, and the bill was thrown out[2] in the House of Lords. Mr. Fox and his colleagues were, in consequence, displaced.

The prospects of a prime minister at this juncture were far from inviting: the highest talents in the country, supported by the most powerful parliamentary interest, and embittered by defeat, were likely to be arrayed against him; he could have nothing to rely on but the King's favour and his own abilities. Mr. Pitt, however, did not hesitate to accept this office; he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in December 1783. The appalling state of matters soon became apparent. The new minister's India Bill was rejected by a majority of 222 to 214; and a similar fate attended all the subsequent motions on which he divided the House.[3] Nevertheless, Mr. Pitt stood his ground. Strong in the favour of the King, in the consciousness of his own abilities, and firmly believing in the goodness of his cause, he exerted himself with the most extraordinary diligence to vanquish the opposition made to him, and fix himself securely in the confidence of the nation at large. In this contest, the versatility[4] of his talents, the dexterity[5] of his argumentation, the sharpness of his sarcasm, the ingenuity of all his measures, were not less wonderful

than the firmness of mind, which prompted him at an age so early, to encounter, single-handed, some of the most formidable obstacles that ever minister had to strive with. By dint of unwearied exertions, he at length succeeded in reducing the majority which supported his opponents, to a single voice; and finally, in drawing over that voice also to his own side. Having prospered so far, and what was more important, having now, as he thought, convinced the public of the rectitude[1] of his measures, he determined to appeal more immediately to the general sense of the nation, and the Parliament was dissolved in March 1784. The new election justified his hopes; there was now a decided majority in his favour, his India Bill passed, and he became Prime Minister in substance as well as form. He had earned his power with difficulty, and he kept it steadfastly. For the next seventeen years he was constantly in office.

His conduct during this long administration was marked by great caution and skill, and, for a considerable period, by the almost universal approbation of the country. The few faults found with it indicated how completely he had mastered the failings most likely to beset him. It was not the ardour of youth, its passion for dazzling schemes, or the indiscriminate zeal for splendid improvements, natural to one who had already declared himself so warmly in their favour, that were blamed; it was rather a circumspectness,[2] bordering on jealousy, a reverence for existing institutions, a coldness or hostility to innovation,[3] which looked like political apostasy[4] in the once powerful advocate for reform; the errors, in short, of an old and narrow-minded statesman, not of a young and highly gifted one. If these features of his public character gave little testimony as to the extent of his enthusiasm, or the warmth of his feelings, they

indicated favourably respecting his prudence and the clearness of his judgment. Mr. Pitt had still a strong, though no longer a triumphant opposition, to encounter in Parliament ; the public confidence was yet but partially merited; and it seemed good policy to avoid all extraordinary movements which might expose him to misrepresentations, or put his still wavering stability[1] in danger. Accordingly, though continuing to patronize the principles of freedom and liberality, which he had at first announced, he abstained from making any of them what are called cabinet questions[2]; he spoke and voted in their favour, but did little more. He no longer took a lead among their abettors; some of them he came at last resolutely to oppose. The friends of parliamentary reform expected that now, when the power was in his hands, the schemes he had twice proposed were at length to be realized, but his motion for this purpose, in 1785, having, as we mentioned already, been rejected in the House of Commons, he never more recurred to the subject, except as a decided opponent of those who pushed it forward. His conduct underwent censures[3] on this head ; they were augmented by his opposition to the repeal of the Test Act[4]—a piece of management which many stigmatized as a homage done to bigotry[5] and popular prejudice, unworthy of the son of Chatham. The same party who blamed him for his indifference to the cause of improvement at home, also blamed him for the minute jealousy of his conduct with foreign powers. His disputes with Catherine of Russia about the fortress of Orchakow, and with Spain about the fur trade of Nootka Sound, were exclaimed against as trifles which he was magnifying into causes of war. With the great body of the nation, however, he was still a decided favourite ; they forgot these alleged blemishes in his character, or

reckoned them as beauties, while they felt the substantial good he was effecting in many departments of domestic policy, and participated in the steady prosperity which the country enjoyed under his administration. The improvements he had made in collecting the revenue,[1] his plans for preventing contraband trade,[2] his general skill as a financier, were universally applauded. The probity[3] and zeal with which he served the public had gradually secured him its confidence; and his expositions, the sagacity of his management, enabled him to influence, in the requisite degree, the deliberations of Parliament, and verified, in the common opinion, the high expectations at first entertained of him. His ministry, if not brilliant, had hitherto been fortunate; a few disappointed reformers might murmur, but the voice of the country was yet with him.

The King also had long cordially approved of his measures; and the conduct of Mr. Pitt, during the famous regency question, is said greatly to have strengthened this sentiment. In 1788, his Majesty was seized with the first attack of that awful malady,[4] under which his days were destined to close; the head of the Government was declared to be incapable of discharging his functions, and the mode of supplying his place became an object of keen discussion, involving some of the most dubious principles of the constitution, and quickened by hopes and fears which had no reference to the general question. As the Prince of Wales then favoured the Whig party, it was their interest to have him appointed regent with as few limitations as possible; Mr. Pitt's, on the contrary, with as many[5]. The prevailing opinion appeared to sanction the views of the latter. Mr. Fox, in maintaining that the unrestricted regency should devolve on the heir-apparent independently of the two Houses of Parliament was accused of

forsaking those maxims of popular right which it had been the great object of his public life to support. During the discussion Mr. Pitt was countenanced[1] by numerous addresses from various parts of the kingdom, and at length succeeded in passing a bill of such a kind as he desired. His Majesty's recovery happily rendered this superfluous ; but the minister's prudence and firmness were rewarded by an increase of confidence from his former adherents, and particularly from the master whose interests he watched over with such care.

Hitherto, Mr. Pitt had proceeded without violent opposition, so as to gain the toleration of all ranks, and the warm applauses of many. But the next great event in which he took a share, while it united him more closely to his own party, made an irreparable breach[2] between him and those who adopted the contrary side. In 1789 the French Revolution broke out, convulsing all Europe by its explosion; and it became a momentous question to determine what measures England should follow in a crisis so terrible. For the arbitrary monarchs[3] of the Continent, it was natural to view with horror and aversion this formidable display of democratic principles : Was Great Britain to join in their league against the dishonoured cause of freedom, to check the disseminators[4] of such doctrines by coercion[5] and punishment at home and abroad ; or, standing aloof from the contest, to guard her own internal quiet, and study to promote her own interest, by the favourable conjunctures of a struggle, which she might contemplate without mixing in it ? The latter was in part the opinion of one class, at the head of which was Mr. Fox ; the former was the plan adopted by Mr. Pitt. He embarked with great zeal in the continental war of 1792 ; and Britain became involved in that quarrel, the disasters of which overspread Europe with misery for five and twenty years. The

commencement was eminently unsuccessful; the allied armies were defeated in every direction; the voice of discontent grew clamorous[1] at home; commercial distress pressed heavy on the country; reformers came forward with wild and dangerous schemes, which the Government met by treatment of unexampled severity; the *Habeas Corpus* Act[2] was suspended, and political prosecutions multiplied without end. The events of the war continued to be unfortunate abroad; and at length a bloody rebellion broke out at home.[3] Mr. Pitt's conduct in this universal commotion deserved the praise of steadfastness at least; he persevered in his resolution amid every difficulty; he strained every nerve to strike an effective blow at France; he met the danger of national bankruptcy by the suspension of cash payments; he prosecuted reformers; he quelled the rebellion in Ireland, and united that kingdom to our own.[4] For these exertions he was by many venerated as the saviour of the British constitution; by a few he was almost execrated as its destroyer. One party fondly named him "the pilot that weathered the storm[5]," another reckoned that the "storm" was yet far from being "weathered." Agitated and tired by these incessant conflicts, he must have viewed as a kind of relief his retirement from office, which took place in 1801. Various reasons have been assigned for this step: some say it was by reason of differences with the King in regard to the proper mode of treating the Irish Catholics; others assert that, being hopeless of making any peace with France, at all suitable to the high tone with which he had begun the war, he was willing to leave to others the ungracious task of completing this unprosperous enterprise. He was succeeded by Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth

That both causes had some influence in his

resignation was rendered probable by the line of conduct which Mr. Pitt pursued when out of office. He justified the Peace of Amiens[1] in his place in Parliament; but, in various important points he voted with the opposition. This peace was of short duration; a new war was declared, and the existing ministry being found inadequate for the support of it, Mr. Pitt was again called to the supreme charge in 1804. He formed a cabinet by introducing several of his own friends, and retaining many of those already in place. His own station, as formerly, was that of First Lord of the Treasury.

Mr. Pitt was now to become a war minister in earnest; he prepared himself for the most vigorous efforts to acquire the same reputation in this new department of public service, as he had before acquired in that of finance. By his exertions, Russia and Austria entered into a new confederacy against France, —which, it was at last hoped, these two formidable powers would succeed in reducing to subjection. The Battle of Austerlitz[2] put an end to such expectations. Mr. Pitt's plans again became abortive; he was again beset with difficulties and the state of his health rendered this stroke of misfortune peculiarly severe. The news of the French victory found him at Bath[3], to which he had been forced to retire in the end of 1805. His disorder originated in a tendency to gout[4], which he inherited from his father and which his own anxious and over-laboured life, as well as his somewhat exuberant convivial habits[5], had of course strengthened rather than abated. The Bath waters gave him no permanent relief; and in the beginning of January he returned to his villa at Putney, in a very weak state. Still his physicians saw no cause for immediate alarm, but, before the twentieth of the month, various apprehensions were entertained for

him, and a few hours of that day converted these apprehensions into mournful certainty. A short while previous to his decease, Dr. Tomline, then Bishop of Lincoln, who watched affectionately over his illness, communicated to him the unfavourable opinion of Sir Walter Farquhar, his medical attendant. Mr. Pitt inquired of Sir Walter, who then stood beside his bed, "How long do you think I have to live?" The physician expressed a faint hope that he would recover; a languid smile on the patient's countenance showed that he understood the reply. When the bishop requested leave to pray with him, he answered, "I fear I have, like too many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any hope that it can be efficacious on a death bed; but," added he, making an effort to rise as he spoke, "I throw myself entirely on the mercy of God." He then joined in the exercises of devotion[1] with much apparent meekness and humility. Of his death he spoke with calmness; arranged the settlement of his private concerns, and recommended his nieces to the gratitude of the nation; "I could wish," he said, "a thousand or fifteen hundred a year to be given them, if the public should think my long services deserving of it." He died about four o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of January 1806, in the 47th year of his age. The Parliament decreed him the honours of a public funeral, and granted the sum of 40,000*l.*[2] to discharge his debts. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey; and similar testimonies of the public feeling are to be met with in various quarters of the kingdom. His death, so unexpected, and at so gloomy a period, was deeply regretted at home, and created a strong sensation over all Europe.

Of his character it is difficult to speak so as to escape contradiction; he passed his life in contests,

and their influence extends beyond his grave. In his private relations it is universally admitted, that, under a cold and rather haughty exterior, he bore a mind of great amiableness and sterling[1] worth. The enthusiasm with which his intimate friends regarded him gives proof of this. "With a manner somewhat reserved and distant," says Mr. Rose, "in what might be termed his public deportment, no man was ever better qualified to gain, or more successful in fixing, the attachment of his friends than Mr. Pitt. They saw all the powerful energies of his character softened into the most perfect complacency and sweetness of disposition, in the circles of private life; the pleasures of which no one more cheerfully enjoyed, or more agreeably promoted, when the paramount duties he conceived himself to owe to the public admitted of his mixing in them. That indignant severity with which he met and subdued what he considered unfounded opposition; that keenness of sarcasm with which he expelled and withered, as it might be said, the powers of most of his assailants in debate, were exchanged, in the society of his intimate friends, for a kindness of heart, a gentleness of demeanour, and a playfulness of good humour, which no one ever witnessed without interest, or participated without delight."

His merits as a public man are yet a matter of vehement[2] discussion, and bid fair long to continue so. That he was a powerful speaker unrivalled for the choice of his words, the lucid[3] arrangement of his statements, the address and ingenuity of his arguments —appears to be universally granted. That he was a skilful financier—distinguished for the sagacity of his plans and the diligence with which he reduced them to practice—appears also to be granted, though less universally. But with regard to the wisdom of his foreign and domestic policy, there is no unanimity of

opinion even among those best qualified to judge him. His friends have exalted his merits to the highest pitch of human excellence; his enemies have represented him as destitute of great ideas, a narrow seeker of temporary expedients, who sacrificed the cause of freedom to a love of place and kingly favour. No doubt there is much exaggeration in this. The change of his political sentiments after his accession to authority is certainly a circumstance unfavourable to his general reputation; but the impartial observer will hesitate before adopting so mournful a solution of it. In this world of vicissitudes,[1] it is not necessarily owing to unsoundness of moral principle that the opinions of our first age cease to be those of our last[2]. Mr. Pitt in his twenty-fourth year, arrived at the highest station which a subject can hope for without any violation of sincerity; it was natural that he should look on the business of reform with very different eyes when he viewed it as a minister and as a popular orator—on the side of its benefits and on the side of its inconveniences; that, as he gradually accustomed himself to the exercise of power, and grew in years, and influence and strength of habits, the ardent innovator[3] should pass by degrees into the wary minister,[4] for whom the machine of government was less a thing to beautify and improve than to keep moving with steadiness and quiet. There seems no need for more sinister imputations in all this; and Mr. Pitt's general conduct proved too well the independence of his mind to admit of such being formed. His treatment of Lord Shelburne, the total inattention he uniformly showed to personal profit or aggrandizement,[5] should acquit him of such charges. When the jarrings of Whig and Tory have given place to other causes of discord, as they succeeded others, a distant posterity will join the names of Pitt, and his rival Fox, to the names of the Chathams, the Oxenstierns,[6] the

Colberts, and other great statesmen of Europe ; it will be for the same posterity to decide what rank they shall occupy in that august series—to trace with clearness the influence due to their actions, and assign to each the proper share of gratitude or blame.

JOHN BRIGHT, TRIBUNE.

The word 'tribune' comes to us from the early days of the Roman Republic; and even in Rome the tribunate was unlike all other magistracy. The holder had no outward signs of office, no satellites[1] to execute his commands, no definite department to administer like the consul or the praetor. It was his first function to protest on behalf of the poorer citizens against the violent exercise of authority, and, on certain occasions, to thwart the action of other magistrates. He was to be the champion of the weak and helpless against the privileged orders; and his power depended on his courage, his eloquence, and the prestige of his office. England has no office of the sort in her constitutional armoury; but the word 'tribune' expresses, better othan any other title, the position, occupied in our political life by many of the men who have been the conspicuous champions of liberty, and few would contest the claim of John Bright to a foremost place among them. He, too, stood forth to vindicate the rights of the *plebs*[2]; he, too, resisted the will of governments; and in no common measure did he give evidence, through forty years of public life, of the possession of the highest eloquence and the highest courage.

His early life gave little promise of a great career. He was born in 1811, the son of Jacob Bright, of Rochdale, who had risen by his own efforts to the ownership of a small cotton mill in Lancashire, a man of simple benevolence and genuine piety, and a member of the

Society of Friends—a society more familiar to us under the name of Quakers[1], though this name is not employed by them in speaking of themselves.

The boy left home early, and between the ages of eight and fifteen he was successively a pupil at five Quaker schools in the north of England. Here he enjoyed little comfort and none of the aristocratic seclusion in which most statesmen have been reared at Eton and Harrow. He rubbed shoulders with boys of various degrees of rank and wealth, and learnt to be simple, true, and serious-minded ; but he was in no way remarkable at this age. We hear little of his recreations, and still less of his reading ; the school which pleased him most and did him most good was the one which he attended last, lying among the moors on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire. In the river Hodder he learnt to swim ; still more he learnt to fish, and it was fishing which remained his favourite out-door pastime throughout his life.

When school-days were over—at the age of fifteen —there was no question of the University: a rigorous life awaited him and he began at once to work in his father's business. The mill stood close beside his father's house at Greenbank near Rochdale, some ten miles northward from Manchester, and had been built in 1809 by Jacob Bright, out of capital lent to him by two members of the Society of Friends. Here he received bales of new cotton by canal or from carriers, spun it in his mill, and gave out the warp and weft[2] thus manufactured to handloom weavers, whom he paid by the piece to weave it in the weaving chamber at the top of their own houses. He then sold the fully manufactured article in Manchester or elsewhere. In such surroundings, many a clever boy has developed into a hard-headed prosperous business man ; material interests have ceased in his soul, and he

has been content to limit his thoughts to buying and selling, to the affairs of his factory and his town, and he has heard no call to other fields of work. But John Bright's education in books and in life was only just beginning, and though it may be regrettable that he missed the leisured freedom of university life, we must own that he really made good the loss by his own effort (and that without neglecting the work of the mill), and thereby did much to strengthen the independence of his character.

In the mill he was the earliest riser, and often spent hours before breakfast at his books. History and poetry were his favourite reading, and periodicals dealing with social and political questions ; his taste was severe and had the happiest effect in chastening his oratorical style. To him, as to the earnest Puritans of the seventeenth century, the Bible and Milton were a peculiar joy ; no other stories were so moving, no other music so thrilling to the ear. In his family there was no want of good talk. His mother, who died in 1830, was a woman of great gifts, who helped largely in developing the minds of her children. After her death John continued to live with his sisters, who were clever and original in mind, becoming the leader in the home circle, where views were freely exchanged on the questions of the day.

The Society of Friends was adverse to political discussion, as interfering with the religious life. But the Brights could not be kept from such a field of interest ; and during these years theirs, like many other quiet homes, was stirred by the excitement roused by the fortunes of the Reform Bill.

The mill, too, did much to educate him. In the Rochdale factory there was no marked separation as at Manchester between rich and poor. Master and men lived side by side, knew one another's family history

and fortunes, and fraternized over their joys and sorrows. Even in those days of backward education 'Old Jacob' made himself responsible for the schooling of his workmen's children; his son, too, made personal friends among those working under him and kept them throughout his life. Outside the mill, Rochdale offered opportunities which he readily took. In 1833 he became one of the founders and first president of a debating society, and he began early to address Bible meetings and to lecture on temperance and to speak in public, led by the simple desire to be useful in good work. In such holidays as he took he was eager to travel abroad and to learn more of the outside world, and before he started at the age of twenty-four on his longest travels (a nine months' journey to Palestine and to eastern Mediterranean) he had, by individual effort, fitted himself to hold his own with the best students of the universities in width of outlook and capacity for mastering a subject. Like them, he had his limitations and his prejudices; but however we may admire wide toleration in itself, depth and intensity of feeling are often of more value to a man in enabling him to influence his fellows.

The year of Queen Victoria's accession may be counted a landmark in the life of this great Victorian. Then for the first time he met Richard Cobden, who was destined to extend his labours and to share his glory; and in the following year he began to co-operate actively in the Free Trade cause, attending meetings in the Rochdale district and gradually developing his power of speaking. It was about this time that he came to know his first wife, Elizabeth Priestman, of the Society of Friends, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, a woman of refined nature and rare gifts, whom he was to marry in 1839 and to lose in 1841. Then it was that he built the house "One Ash," facing the same

common[1] as the house in which he was born. Here he lived many years, and here he died in the fullness of time, a Lancashire man, content to dwell among his own people, in his native town, and to forego the grandeur of a country house. It was from here that he was called in the decisive hour of his life to take part in a national work with which his name will ever be associated. At the moment when Bright was prostrated with grief at his wife's death Cobden appeared on the scene and made his historic appeal. He urged his friend to put aside his private grief, to remember the miseries of so many other homes, miseries due directly to the Corn Laws[2], to put his shoulder to the wheel, and never to rest till they were repealed.

Cobden had been less happy than Bright in his schooling. His father's misfortune led to his spending five years at a Yorkshire school of the worst type, and seven more as clerk in the warehouse of an unsympathetic uncle. Like Bright, he had early to take the lead in his own family; also, like Bright, he had to educate himself; but he had a far harder struggle, and the enterprise which he showed in commerce in early manhood would have left him the possessor of a vast fortune, had he not preferred to devote his energies to public causes. The two men were by nature well suited to complement each other. If Cobden was the more ingenious in explaining an argument, Bright was more forcible in asserting a principle. If Cobden could, above all other men, convince the intellects of his hearers, Bright could as few other speakers, kindle their spirits for a fray. His figure on a platform was striking. His manly expressive face, with broad brow, straight nose, and square chin, was essentially English in type. Though in the course of his political career he discarded the distinctive Quaker dress, he never discarded the Quaker simplicity. His

costume was plain, his style of speaking severe, his bearing dignified and restrained. Only when his indignation was kindled at injustice was he swept far away from the calmness of Quaker tradition.

The Corn Laws were a sequel to the Napoleonic Wars and to the insecurity of foreign trade which these caused. While war lasted it had inflated prices, and brought to English growers of corn a period of extraordinary prosperity. When peace came, to escape from a sudden fall in prices, the landed proprietors, who formed a majority of the House of Commons, had fixed by Act of Parliament the conditions under which corn might be imported from abroad. This measure was to perpetuate by law, in time of peace, the artificial conditions from which the people had unavoidably suffered by the accident of war. The legislators paid no heed to the growth of population, which was enormous, or to the distress of the working classes, who needed time to adjust themselves to the rapid changes in industry. Even the middle classes suffered, and the poor could only meet such trouble by "clemming" or self-starvation. A noble duke, speaking in all good faith, advised them to "try a pinch of curry powder in hot water," as making the pangs of hunger less intolerable. He met with little thanks for his advice from the sufferers, who demanded a radical cure.[1] Parliament as a whole showed few signs of wishing to probe the question more deeply, and shut its eyes to the evidence of distress, whether shown in peaceful petitions or in disorderly riots. Many of the members were personally humane men and good landlords; but there were no powerful newspapers to enlighten them, and they knew little of the state of the manufacturing districts.

The cause had now found its appropriate champions. We in this day are familiar with appeals to the great

mass of the people : we know the story of Midlothian campaigns and Belfast reviews ; we hear the distant thunder from Liverpool, Manchester or Birmingham, when the great men of Parliament go down from London to thrill vast audiences in the provincial towns. But the agitation of the Anti-Corn Law League was a new thing. It was initiated by men unknown outside the Manchester district ; few of the thousands to whom it was directed possessed the vote ; and yet it wrought one of the greatest changes of the nineteenth century, a change of which the influence is perhaps not yet spent. In this campaign, Cobden and Bright were, without doubt, the leading spirits.

The movement filled five years of Bright's life. His hopes and fears might alternate—at one moment he was stirred to exultation over success, at another to regrets at the break-up of his homelife, at another to bitter complaints and hatred of the landed interest—but his exertions never relaxed. As he was so often absent, the business at Rochdale had to be entrusted to his brother. Whenever he could be there, Bright was at his home with his little motherless daughter; but his efforts on the platform were more and more appreciated each year, and the campaign made heavy demands upon him.

At the opening of the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, on the site of the "Peterloo"[1] riots, he won a single triumph. The vast audience was enthusiastic : several of them also were discriminating in their praise. One lady said that the chief charm of Mr. Bright was in the simplicity of his manner, the total absence of anything like show off ; another that she should never attend another meeting if he were announced to speak ; as she could not bear the excitement. Simplicity and profound emotion were the secrets of his influence. The London Opera House saw similar scenes once a

month, from 1843 till the end of the struggle. Villages and towns, and all classes of society, were instructed in the principles of the League and induced to help forward the cause. Not only did the wealthy factory owner, conscious as he was of the loss which the high price of food inflicted on the manufacturing interest, contribute his thousands; the factory hand, too, contributed his mite[1] to further the welfare of his class. Even farmers were led to take a new view of the needs of agriculture, the country labourer was made to see that his advantage lay in the success of the League. It was a farm-hand who put the matter in a nutshell at one of the meetings: "I be protected," he said, "and I be starving."

In 1843 Bright joined his leader in Parliament as member for Durham City, though his Quaker relatives disapproved of the idea that one of their society should so far enter the world and take part in its conflicts. In the House of Commons he met with scant popularity but with general respect. He was no mob orator of the conventional type. The simplicity and good taste of his speeches satisfied the best judges. He expressed sentiments hateful to his hearers in such a way that they might dislike the speech, but could not despise the speaker. Even when he boldly attacked the Game Laws[2] in an assembly of landowners, the House listened to him respectfully, and the spokesman of the Government thanked him for the tone and temper of his speech, admitting that he had made out a strong case. But it was in the country and on the platform that the chief efforts of Cobden and Bright were made, and their chief success won.

In 1845 they had an unexpected but most influential ally. Nature herself took a hand in the game. From 1842 to 1844 the bad effects of the Corn Laws were mitigated by good harvests and by the wise measures

of Peel in freeing trade from various restrictions. But in 1845 first the corn, and then the potato crop, failed calamitously. Peel's conscience had been uneasy for years: he had been studying economics, and his conclusions did not square with the orthodox Tory[1] creed. So when the Whig leader, Lord John Russell, ventured to express himself openly for Free Trade in his famous Edinburgh letter of November 28, Peel at last saw some chance of converting his party. It has already been told in this book[2] how at length he succeeded in his aims, how he broke up his party but saved the country, and how in the hour of mingled triumph and defeat he generously gave to Cobden the chief credit for success. Whigs and Tories might taunt one another with desertion of principles, or might claim that their respective leaders collaborated at the end; certainly the question would never have been put before the Cabinet or the House of Commons as a Government measure but for the untiring efforts of the two Tribunes. History can show few greater triumphs of Government by moral suasion and the art of speech. Throughout, violence had been eschewed, even though men were starving, and appeals had been made solely to the justice and expediency of their case. Nothing illustrates better the sincerity and disinterestedness of John Bright than his conduct in these last decisive months. The tide was flowing with him; the opposition was reduced to a shadow. He might have enjoyed the luxury of applause from Radicals, Whigs, and the more advanced Tories, and won easy victories over a hostile minority. But the cause was now in the safe hands of Peel, whose honesty they respected and whose generalship they trusted; so Cobden and Bright were content to stand aside and watch. Instead of carping[3] at his tardy conversion, Bright wrote in generous praise of Peel's speech: "I never listened," he said,

"to any human being speaking in public with so much delight." His heart was in the cause and not in his own advancement. When he did rise to speak, it was to vindicate Peel's honour and his statesmanship.

A few months later this honourable alliance came to an abrupt end. Bright was forced, by the same incorruptible sense of right and by the absence of all respect of persons, to oppose Peel in the crisis of his fate. The Government brought in an Irish Coercion Bill, which was naturally opposed by the Whigs. The Protectionist Tories saw their chance of taking revenge on Peel for repealing the Corn Laws and made common cause with their enemies; and from very different motives, Bright went into the same lobby. His conscience forbade him to support any coercive[1] measure. No Prime Minister could please him as much as Peel; but no surrender, no mere evasion of responsibilities was possible in the case of a measure of which he disapproved. So firm was the bed-rock of principle on which Bright's political conduct was based; and it was to this uncompromising sincerity above all that he owed the triumphs of his oratory.

His method as an orator is full of interest. In his youth he had begun by writing out and learning his speeches in full but, before he quitted Rochdale for a wider theatre, he had discarded this rather mechanical method and trusted more freely to his growing powers. He still made careful preparation for his speeches. He tells us how he often composed them in bed, as Carlyle's "rugged Brindley" wrestled in bed with the difficulties of his canal-schemes, the silence and the dim light favouring the birth of ideas. He prepared words as well as ideas: but he only committed to memory enough to be a guide to him in marking the order and development of his thoughts, and filled up the original outline according to the inspiration of the

moment. A few sentences, where the balance of words was carefully studied ; a few figures of speech, where his imagination had taken flight into the realm of poetry; a few notable illustrations from history or contemporary politics, with details of names and figures,—these would be found among the notes which he wrote on detached slips of paper and dropped successively into his hat as each milestone was attained. As compared with his illustrious rival Gladstone, he was very sparing of gesture, depending partly on facial expression, still more on the modulations of his voice, to give life to the words which he uttered. His reading had formed his diction, his constant speaking had taught him readiness, and his study of great questions at close quarters and his meditation on them supplied him with the facts and the conclusions which he wished to put forward ; but the fire which kindled this material to white heat was the passion for great principle which glowed in his heart. He himself in 1868, in returning thanks for the gift of the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh, quoted with obvious sincerity a sentence from his favourite Milton : "True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of Truth."

Bright's public life was in the main a tale of devotion to two great causes, the repeal of the Corn Laws, consummated in 1846, and the extension of the Franchise, which was not realized till twenty years later. But he found time to examine other questions and to utter shrewd opinions on the governments of India and of Ireland, and to influence English sentiment on the Crimean War and the War of Secession[1] in the United States. In advance of his time, he wished to develop cotton growing in India and so to prevent the great industry of his own district being dependent on America alone. He attacked the existing Board of Directors and preferred immediate

control by the Crown; and, while wishing to preserve the Viceroy's supremacy over the whole, he spoke in favour of admitting Indians to a larger share in the government of the various provinces. Many of the best judges of to-day are now working towards the same end, but at the time he met with little support. It is interesting to find that both on India and on Ireland similar views were put forward by men so different as John Bright and Benjamin Disraeli. Mr. Trevelyan has preserved the memory of several episodes in which they were connected with one another and of attempts which Disraeli made to win Bright's support and co-operation. Bright could cultivate friendships with politicians of very different schools without being induced to deviate by a hair's breadth from the cause which his principles dictated, and he could treat his friends, at times, with refreshing frankness. When Disraeli warmly admired one of his greatest speeches and expressed the wish that he himself could emulate it, the outspoken Quaker replied: "Well, you might have made it, if you had been honest."

It was the young Disraeli who, as early as 1846, had attributed the Irish troubles to "a starving population, an absentee aristocracy,[1] and an alien Church." It was Bright who never hesitated, when opportunity arose, to work for the disestablishment[2] of the Church in Ireland and for the security of Irish tenants in their holdings. A succession of measures, carried by Liberals and Conservatives from Gladstone to George Wyndham have made us familiar with the idea of land purchase in Ireland; but Bright had been there as early as 1849 and had learnt for himself. Though at the end of his life he was a stubborn opponent of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, he had long ago won the gratitude of Ireland,

as no other Englishman of his day, and his name has been preserved there in affectionate remembrance.

In 1854, the year of the Crimean War, Bright reached the zenith of his oratorical power, and at the same time touched the nadir[1] of his popularity. Public opinion was setting strongly against Russia. In stemming the tide of war the so-called "Manchester school" had a difficult task, and was severely criticized. The idea of the "balance of power"[2] made little appeal to Bright; and as a Quaker he was reluctant to see England interfering in a quarrel which did not seem to concern her. The satirists indeed scoffed unfairly at the doctrine of "Peace at any price"; for Bright was content to put aside the principle and to argue the case on pure political expediency. But his attacks on the wars of the last century were too often couched in an offensive tone with personal references to the peerages won in them, and he spoke at times too bitterly of the diplomatic profession and especially of our ambassador at Constantinople. Nothing showed so clearly the danger of the imperfect education which was forced on Bright by necessity, and which he had done so much to remedy, as his attitude to foreign and imperial politics. In his home he had too readily imbibed the crude notion that our empire existed to provide careers for the needy cadets of aristocratic families, and that our foreign policy was inspired by self-seeking officials who cared little for moral principles or for the lives of their fellow countrymen. A few months spent with Lord Canning at Calcutta, or with the Lawrences at Lahore, frequent intercourse with men of the calibre of Lord Lyons or Lord Cromer, would have enlightened him on the subject and prevented him from uttering the unwarranted imputations[3] which he did. Yet in his great parliamentary speeches of 1854 he rose high above all pettiness and made a

deep impression on a hostile house. Damaging though his speech of December 22 was to the Government, no minister attempted to reply. Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, with all their power, were unequal to the task. Disraeli told Bright that a few more such speeches would break up the Government; and Delane, the famous editor of *The Times*, wrote that "Cobden and Bright would be our ministers but for their principle of peace at any price."

But Bright was not thinking of office or of breaking up governments: he was thinking of the practical end in view. His next great speech was on February 23, 1855, when a faint hope of peace appeared. It was most conciliatory in tone, and was a solemn appeal to Palmerston to use his influence in ending the war. This was known as "the Angel of Death" speech, from a famous passage which occurs in it. At the end he was "overloaded with compliments," but the minister, who was hampered by Russian intrigues with Napoleon[1] seemed deaf to all appeals, and Bright again returned to the attack. Till the last days of the war, he continued to raise his voice on behalf of peace; but his exertions had told on his strength, and for the greater part of two years he had to abandon public life and devote himself to recovering his health.

Six years later he was to prove that "peace at any price" was no fair description of his attitude. The Southern States of America seceded on the question of State rights and the institution of slavery, and the Federal Government declared war on them as rebels. This time it was not a war for the balance of power, but one fought to vindicate a moral principle. and Bright was strongly in favour of fighting it to a finish. For different reasons most of our countrymen favoured the South, but he appealed for British sympathy for the other side, on the ground that no true Briton could

abet slavery. He was the most prominent supporter of the North, for long the only prominent one, but he gradually made converts and did much to wipe away the reproach which attached to the name of Englishmen in America, when the North triumphed in the end. The war ended in 1865 with the surrender of General Lee[1] at Appomattox, and Bright wrote in his journal, "This great triumph of the Republic is the event of our age."

But long before 1865 the question of Reform and of the extension of the franchise had been revived. Gladstone might speak in favour of the principle in 1864: Russell might introduce a Reform Bill in 1866; a year later Disraeli might "dish the Whigs"; and Whig and Tory might wrangle over the question who were the friends of the "working man," but Bright had made his position clear to his friends in 1846. He began a popular movement in 1849 and for the next fifteen years of his life it was the object dearest to his heart. He was not afraid to walk alone. When his old fellow worker, Cobden, refused his aid, on the ground that he was not convinced of the need for extending the franchise, Bright himself assumed the lead and bore the brunt of the battle. Till 1865 his main obstacle was Palmerston, who since he took the helm in the worst days of the Crimean War and conducted the ship of state into harbour, occupied an impregnable position. Palmerston was dear to "the man in the street," shared his prejudices and understood his humours; and nothing could make him into a serious Democrat or Reformer. Even after Palmerston's death, Bright's chief opponent was to be found in the Whig ranks, in Robert Lowe, who was a master of parliamentary eloquence and who managed, in 1866, to wreck Lord John Russell's Reform Bill in the House. But Bright had his revenge in the country. Such

meetings as ensued in the great provincial towns had not been seen for twenty years: the middle class and the artisans were fused as in the great Repeal struggle of 1846. At Glasgow as many as 150,000 men paraded outside the town, and no hall could contain the thousands who wished to hear the great Tribune. He claimed that eighty-four per cent. of his countrymen were still excluded from the vote, and he bluntly asserted that the existing House of Commons did not represent "the intelligence and the justice of the nation, but the prejudices, the privileges, and the selfishness, of a class."

But however blind many of this class might still be to the signs of the times, they found an astute leader in Disraeli, who had few principles and could trim his sails to any wind.[1] The Tory Reform Bill, which he put forward in February 1867, came out a very different Bill in July, after discussion in the Cabinet, which led to the resignation of three ministers, and after debates in the House of Commons, where it was roughly handled. The principle of household suffrage[2] was conceded, and another million voters were added to the electorate. Disraeli had made a greater change of front than any which he could attribute to Peel, and that without conviction, for reasons of party expediency. The real triumph belonged to Bright. "The Bill adopted," he writes, "is the precise franchise I recommended in 1858." He had not only roused the country by his platform speeches, he had carefully watched the Bill in all its stages through the House, and gradually transformed it till it satisfied the aspirations of the people. He had been content to work with Disraeli so long as he could further the cause of Reform; and he only quarrelled with that statesman finally when, in 1878, he revived the anti-Russian policy of Palmerston.

During this strenuous time his domestic life was happy and tranquil. After the death of his first wife he had remained a widower for six years, and in 1847 he had married Margaret Leatham, who bore him seven children and shared his joys and sorrows in no ordinary measure for thirty years. Whenever politics took him away from his Rochdale home, he wrote constantly to her, and his letters throw most valuable light on his inmost feelings. She died in 1878, and after this his life was pitched in a different key. The outer world might suppose that high political office was crowning his career, but his enthusiasm and his power were ebbing and his physical health failed him more than once. He was as affectionate to his children, as friendly to his neighbours, as true to his principles; but the old fire was gone.

The outward events of his life from 1867 to 1889 must be passed over lightly. Against his own wishes he was persuaded by Gladstone to join the Cabinet in 1868 and again 1880. His name was a tower of strength to the Government with the newly enfranchised electors, but he himself had little taste for the routine of office. At Birmingham, for which he had sat since 1857, he compared himself to the Shunammite woman[1] who refused the offers of advancement at Court, and replied to the prophet, "I dwell among mine own people." But events were too strong for him: he was drawn first to Westminster to share in the government of the country, and then to Osborne to visit the Queen. Both the Queen and he were nervous at the prospect, but the interview passed off happily. Family affections and sorrows were a bond between them, and he talked to her with his usual frankness and simplicity. Even the difficult question of costume was settled by a compromise, and the usual gold-braided livery[2] was replaced by a sober suit of black. Ministerial

work in London might have proved irksome to him but his colleagues in the Cabinet were indulgent, and no excessive demands were made upon his strength. It was recognized that Bright was no longer in the fighting line. In 1870 he was incapacitated by a second long illness, and he had little share in the measures carried through Parliament for Irish land purchase and national education.

His official career was finally closed in 1882, when the bombardment of Alexandria seemed to open a new and aggressive chapter in our Eastern policy. Bright was true to his old principles and resigned office.

He severed himself still more from the official Liberals in 1886, when he refused to follow Gladstone into the Home Rule camp. He disliked the methods of Parnell, the obstruction in Parliament, and the campaign of lawlessness in Ireland. His own victories had not been won so, and he had a great respect for the traditions of the House. He also believed that the Home Rule Bill would vitally weaken the unity of the realm. But no personal bitterness entered into his relations with his old colleagues: he did not attack Gladstone, as he had attacked Palmerston in 1855. From this death-bed he sent a cordial message to his old chief and received an answer full of high courtesy and affection.

His illness lasted several months. From the autumn of 1888 he lay at One Ash, weak but not suffering acutely; and on March 27, 1889, he quietly passed away. His old friend Cobden had preceded him more than twenty years, having died in 1865, and had been buried at his birth place in Sussex, where he had made himself a peaceful home in later life. Bright proved himself equally faithful to the home of his earliest years. He was laid to rest in the

small burying ground in front of the Friend's meeting-house where he had worshipped as a child. In his long career he had served noble causes, and scaled the heights of fame, and the crowds at his funeral testified to the love which his neighbours bore him. He had never willingly been absent for long from his native town. His life, compared with that of Disraeli or Gladstone, seems almost bleak in its simplicity, varied as it was by so few excursions into other fields. But two strong passions enriched it with warmth, and glow: his family affections and his zeal for the common good. These filled his heart, and he was content that it should be so.

> " Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK:
1815—1898

EARTHLY majesty is always akin to the fallen angel, who is proud and unhappy, beautiful but troubled, and whose plans and efforts, though vast, are denied success.

Powerful frame! How much was Bismarck indebted to his physique, although he hardly ever came to actual tests of fist and muscle! His body and his accomplishments were identical: the will of a giant vibrant with the electric charge of magnetic nerves He was like those mastiffs[1] of his which, precisely because of this resemblance, he loved: strong and nervous, heavy and sombre, formidable and unrelenting towards an offender—loyal to but one person, his master, yet devoted to him until death. Bismarck was as powerful, as nervous, and as dangerous as his dogs.

Like every strong man, he once saved his own life. An assassin in Unter den Linden had fired one shot at him and was about to fire a second, this time at closer range. It would have been fatal, had not Bismarck seized the man's right hand and hurled the weapon to the ground. On another occasion, when he was younger, he had plunged into the water after a man who was drowning and for the rest of his life, among all the insignia of honor which "go with the make-up of a minister," he took pride only in the medal commemorating his rescue. Again, he saved Prussia, when the

king was about to yield to popular pressure and to abdicate, by taking hold of the king's scabbard and literally shaking him into a mood of self-defence.

None of these three equally important acts would have been possible without the assistance of his powerful physique. Wherever he went, he was the biggest man present. At a Court ball, when he was in his twenties, his stature elicited the admiration of his first master. Emperors of the French and of the Russians, kings, princes, and princesses—all were impressed to see him stoop as he came through the door and then draw himself up again to his full height. Generals and politicians, most of them his opponents for one reason or another, were often astounded, and even terrified, by his build.

And yet his intimates, and sometimes mere government clerks, had seen the giant collapse, convulsed with weeping, tortured with despair, his features twitching and distorted. This is the other side of Bismarck—an aspect of him which the Germans readily gloss over, but without which the nationalistic side of his character could never have been effectual.

For while the spirit of history was still undecided whether or not to unite the German race after a thousand years of dissent, it produced a man whose own impulses were so rent that he alone was capable of coping with this other division. His own personal struggle, a restless oscillation between pathos and criticism, duty and power, flight and aggression, loyalty and vengeance, had its parallel for him in the condition of Germany; and this almost mystical, yet natural kinship gave him both the desire and the courage to battle for national integration. Almost unknown to himself, a powerful stream of emotion was flowing beneath the craftiness of the politician. This produced a vision, a kind of dream, which gave him consistency

of purpose despite the seeming opportunism of his methods. And he could work only at white heat: rapidly, in barely eight years, Bismarck the Prussian forged Germany.

For Germany could not be subdued except by a man of emotion, who, like the artist, was capable of casting his molten feelings into forms of solid iron. It was really an artist who shaped this realm of music into a state.

But he was also a realist; for, this same soil nourishes a race of realists who attempt to balance their weakness for reverie and philosophy by a deliberate propulsion towards externals—their cult of action being, probably through fear, exaggerated into wariness. Bismarck was hard and realistic, with a keen sense of cold facts and an almost total indifference to principles. All during his thirty years of steadily mounting power, and even at the last when he was a dictator, he would ally himself with any party or any platform and oppose any party or any platform, purely as the occasion demanded. He hated passionately, lying awake far into the night. And the next day he would shatter his opponents like a bolt of lightning. But the very moment he had need of them, he would reverse his tactics and become conciliatory. It is absurd to ask just how far such a policy was pursued in the interests of his cause and how far in the interests of his personal power: for this man was a monomaniac[1] who cared for no cause but his own and who felt that he alone could properly defend it!

Nevertheless Bismarck's *primum mobile*[2] was neither the will to power nor the desire for fame—as to witness his long period of aimlessness in youth. At the age of thirty-five, when Bismarck the noble was taking his first steps into politics, Napoleon the parvenu[3] was already emperor. He did not settle upon this career

through any desire to be a dictator, nor any theoretical love for a fatherland which did not yet exist, nor through pride in Prussia, his more immediate home. But when he took trowel in hand and began laying stone upon stone, he was moved by the true artist's wish to produce order out of chaos, to give form to the formless and along with this went a sound and thorough-going misanthropy which led him to ridicule the failures of his predecessors.

The German genius has always been either ideologist or artist. This people has never produced the pure *homo politicus*.[1]

For this reason he was all the more violent in his opposition to the ideologists. He had little enough respect for philosophy, but he positively despised the pedants of the Frankfort variety, who had insisted, while the country ran riot, on examining in the light of ultimate philosophical principles every proposition laid before the assembly. A landowner from the Pomeranian back-country, he placed a low value on city-bred intellectuals and professional men. He was self-taught, a political primitive ; he stepped abruptly into the arena without previous experience or training, and also, of course, without party prejudices. Stammeringly, he hurled his doctrine of German unity at the astonished ranks of the diet[2] until the king had singled him out. What could attract a sickly dreamer like Frederick William to this uncouth giant except that obscure element above and beyond the intellect which they had in common ? Did this stranger arrive from his provincial estate with a fully worked out plan of action ? On the contrary, he had nothing but the vaguest notion of what he wanted, nothing but courage and the mutterings of anger.

For there was a heavy cargo of courage in this powerful hulk ; a proud self-consciousness formed

the ballast for a vessel shaken with antinomies, and this alone assured it of a voyage without mishap. Bismarck's first word to a king was a rebuke, as was also his last: March 1848, March 1890. When not fighting he was hardly more than a misanthrope[1] and a scoffer; his great energies were drained by doubt, cynicism, and melancholy. But the presence of an enemy restored them to unity, converted them into action and purpose, and gave him self-reliance by providing an external force against which his self-reliance could be directed. And the nearer and the dearer an enemy the keener his capacity for action. He fought with a deeper devotion in domestic issues than against a foreign foe. Bismarck hated the German politicians Windthorst and Richter, but not Napoleon.

At bottom Bismarck was a thorough revolutionary. His first appearance as he came out of the oak forests of his birthplace and threw himself with fury into the narrow machinations of party politics; his attitude towards the kings and princes of his own country, and later towards foreign kings and emperors; the bold and simple "No" which he hurled at the political maxims of his times; his insistence upon ruling without interference from others; his continual threat of resigning; the splendid clarity, informality, and newness of his diction—all these defiant traits of a freedom-loving temperament belong to a man who, had he been born of the submerged classes, would have advanced behind the red flag.[2]

He was not like Goethe, who needed order to encompass his own chaos; he was disharmonic through and through, neither resting nor wanting rest. For it is not ideas which make the revolutionary; and the man who champions tradition with a fresh and terrorizing passionateness is often more

revolutionary than a man who fights tradition with a calm pen or among the ranks of the many.

In reality, Bismarck created a new form of politics,—in Germany at least. He revolutionized the methods of dealing with popular rebellions, founded the new school of diplomatic practice which openly struck terror instead of employing flattery and craft as in the school of Metternich. After a dinner in London, when he had outlined his programe with astounding firmness, Disraeli, who saw him in the true perspective, said to his guests: "Take care of that man, he means what he says."

With these strong impulses to break the bonds of custom, with so much courage and self-reliance, such forcefulness and scorn—what kept him faithful to the old forms? what led him to decide socially against the future? what linked him with dynasties which had already begun to lose their meaning?

His blood. When he was being trained in the hunt, the woodsman whose great-grandfather had served a Bismarck in the time of young Freddy[1] called the boy "Herr Junker."[2] He saw the inadequacy of his class, their degeneration and idleness, the futility and mismanagement with which many of his cousins fulfilled their inherited offices; and he saw the intelligence, industry, and pride of common citizens triumph over the mummified prejudices of the nobility—yet he constituted himself the guardian of his class and summoned his genius to its defence.

Above all else he defended the king. Not that he considered the king's blood to be better than his own; for more than once he told the Hohenzollern[3] to their faces that the Bismarcks had tenanted the realm longer than they. But he saw in the king the apex of a pyramid which, if truncated, would seem odd, and perhaps even ludicrous. He was unwilling to imperil

the hereditary prerogatives of his name ; like the usual noble, the usual landowner, he was loath to relinquish any worldly possessions for theoretical reasons ; he coud never divorce himself from this sense of superiority which found its sanction in the very force of character behind it—and thus he gave unto the king that which was the king's.

For his house still flourished with manly vigour ; the nihilism[1] of an age of increasing transvaluations had not yet broken through his feudalistic code ; and tradition was still powerful enough to extend its influence when aided by so faithful a scion. It seems as though this junker inherited absolutely nothing from his mother, he was so totally lacking in any evidence of her bourgeois blood. Fifty years later—and Bismarck, with his temperament and will power, his fearlessness and independence, would have been a leader of the new era.

Thus he remained all his life a royalist, and grounded his work on dynasties. He himself asserted that his loyalty to the king was purely the result of his faith in God, yet this faith was forced to take strange shapes. He was a Protestant, highly unmystical, inveterately rationalistic. For years, up to the day of his death he kept a prayer-book, lying on his night-table ; it was interleaved with blank sheets on which he jotted down the political ideas that came to him at night : truly a Bismarckian species of devotion.

In any case, no such transcendental reasons prompted him to show the least respect for other princes, and especially other German ones, even though they too felt that they ruled by divine right. On the contrary, he was scornful and heaped irony upon their heads. In the whole line of Prussian kings he loved no one, not even the great Frederick—

and he cared still less for the rulers under whom he himself had served. But he was bound to them by a feeling for feudal ties which must have been handed down through many generations, since blood alone can explain it. The noble granted fealty to his king through expecting fealty of his vassals. So great was the love of freedom in this revolutionary temperament.

The relationship always remained essentially one of equal to equal. And while he always observed the formalities, signing himself "most humbly" or "most obediently," he eyed the conduct of his master with suspicion and bit the golden chain when he felt its pressure.

At last he even bit the master's hand and nothing shows Bismarck's latent revolutionary tendencies more clearly than the way he rose up at the first provocation against the one authority he had recognized, the king. The significant fact is not his going, but his way of going. Every detail of this drama, in which a powerful old man was called upon to comply wit' the arbitrary wishes of a weak young sovereign, points to the imperiousness, the intransigence, and the thorough independence of his character. The hereditary nobility of his blood provided a rigid code which would not permit him to conceive of his work in terms of the German people rather than in terms of Prussian kings. But nothing, not even the faith he paraded so readily, could hinder another kind of nobility, the nobility of his temperament, from defying a prince by God's grace exactly as the young idiot deserved.

At times in the past he had ventured cautious criticisms or had, though always with the bearing of the liegeman, openly voiced objections when behind closed doors. But now, aroused like a mastiff, he broke into a rage against the master who had struck

him unjustly. Bismarck's fall disclosed impulses which his inherited code had kept concealed for years. Only the lack of a great opponent, and the legend which the Germans built up around the mere pretext of a reconciliation, have been able to obscure for a time the violence of this outburst.

Yet even now he winced at the thought of open rebellion. Was youth all that this old man of seventy-five needed? Or were his royalist leanings still an unsurmountable obstacle? In any case, he did not go beyond farewell tirades in which he fired disturbing truths point-blank at his king and the other princes. Then he retired in fury to his den, hurling out stones which cracked the dilapidated[1] royal masonry.

But the steel edifice of the state remained standing. For twenty-eight years Bismarck had governed; twenty-eight years after he was gone the old dynastic system collapsed and Germany's enemies watched to see the entire structure fall into ruins.

But it held! Not a stone, except those which the enemy extracted, was loosened. Indeed, at the very height of calamity skilful hands were at work making the pillars more solid than before. And it now became evident that whereas most Germans had revered the royalty as the very foundation of the empire, it had been merely a brilliant but unnecessary facade.

The survival of the state is the surest evidence that the important part which Bismarck assigned to royalty in his political scheme was purely a concession to his class—one might almost call it a weakness. For as the ruling houses fell and the empire endured, Bismarck's precautions for the future, despite all their baggage of tradition, were justified by their results. After the tempest, people looked about them and saw

that the man who had done this was much more modern than he himself had ever hoped to be.

When the empire was founded at Versailles,[1] amidst the medieval roar of victorious cannon, the golden mirrors in the Glass Gallery of the palace reflected only the forms of warlike princes ; the industrious masses were elsewhere. When in the same hall forty-eight years later the empire was sentenced to atone and pay for its defeat, the golden mirrors no longer reflected a single royal figure. The last three emperors of Europe[2] had been slain or deposed. Twenty-two German dynasties[3] had been deprived of power—not by compulsion from without, hardly even by the natives themselves, but by corrosion, by the rust of an era which had served its purposes and was now ready for death.

Yet the documents which two humble citizens were called upon to sign at that momentous hour did not involve the destruction of Bismarck's work, but only of the work of William the Second. It was William who had fostered and Bismarck who had opposed, all those policies which eventually involved Germany in war. Foreign colonies and a marine were typical instances of all that the founder of the state had *not* wanted. Had he really raised the empire on the point of a victorious sword : or had he not, rather, employed the sword purely as a means of overcoming Europe's resistance to German unity ? did he not, for twenty years thereafter, resist all the temptations of imperialism, all the enticements of militaristic expansion ? and was it not Bismarck who, braving the anger of the king and all the generals at Nikolsburg,[4] created the prototype of a modern peace : without cession of territory, without indemnity, dictated solely by the desire to restore friendly

relations with the enemy as quickly as possible? was Bismarck really of the past?

At the end he broods, despite protestations of homage, alone and in exile. When he is nearly eighty and people try to argue him into the tranquillity proper to his years, he looks at them from under his bushy eyebrows and asks, "And why should I be tranquil?" The wife is gone upon whom he had lavished all the warmth which he repressed in his frigid dealings with the outer world. This woman had been his haven of retreat. All the yearnings for quiet, woodland, and home which troubled this restless, knotty character were embodied in her—even though his equally strong love of executive activity and political organization always kept him occupied in the service of the state. The more turbulent his career, the more peaceful his marriage had to be—and was.

He had a critical mind which readily turned to history and to literary composition; and he was by nature a woodsman and a huntsman, a rustic who resented all officialdom. His sojourns in the country which he had accepted in his youth without thinking, were deliberately protracted in later years—for it was here that he derived the strength to breathe in ministerial chambers, in the closets of a castle, and in the halls of a parliament which he despised. This antinomy[1] between the scene of his activity and the landscape of his heart never ended, for it was merely the symbol of a chronic indecision; and when, at the last, he had full leisure to enjoy the silence of his forests, he longed to be back in the turmoil which he had cursed for years.

This was his human lot. Bismarck was not happy by nature, and he knew it.

But he accepted life like a man, did his work with substantial materials, saw the vision of his thirties

realized in his sixties, and for ten full years could look upon himself as the arbiter of the Continent. Yet he could never rid himself of the fear that all this might vanish overnight if he were not there—and in his last weeks his daughter heard him praying aloud for the future of Germany.

In a long coat, and a wide hat, peering out grimly like a Wotan,[1] he could be seen, at the end, among the prehistoric oaks of his forests, walking about slowly and alone, between two mastiffs.

DIZZY.

THE absurd Jew-boy,[1] who set out to conquer the world, reached his destination. It is true that he had gone through a great deal, a very great deal, to get there —four volumes[2] by Mr. Buckle and Mr. Monypenny. But there he was. After a lifetime of relentless determination, infinite perseverance and superhuman egotism, he found himself at last old, hideous, battered, widowed, solitary, diseased, but Prime Minister of England. Mr. Buckle's last two volumes* show him to us in this final stage—the stage of attainment. The efflorescent Dizzy,[3] Earl of Beaconsfield and Knight of the Garter,[4] stands before us. It is a full-length portrait: twelve hundred pages tell the story of twelve years. Much is revealed to us—much of the highest interest, both personal and public—the curious details of political complexities, a royal correspondence, the internecine[5] quarrels of cabinets, a strange love affair, the thrilling *peripeteia*[6] of world-shaking negotiations, the outside and the inside of high affairs, and yet why is it?—the revelation seems to be incomplete. Is this really everything, one wonders, or was there something else? Can this be everything? Is this, in truth, greatness? Can this, and nothing more, have been the end of all those palpitating[7] struggles, the reward of energies so extraordinary, and capacities so amazing? The sinister, mysterious features return

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By George Earle Buckle, in succession to W. F. Monypenny. Vols. V. and VI. John Murray.

one's stare with their mummy-like inscrutability.[1] "What more do you want to know ?" they seem to whisper. "I have conquered the world." "Yes, you have conquered the world—granted," we answer. "But *then* ?" Silence.

A moralist, with the pen of a Thackeray, might indeed, make great play with these twelve hundred pages. He could compile a very pretty sermon out of them, on the text of the Vanity of human ambition. He could draw a striking picture of the aged, vain-glorious creature, racked by gout and asthma,[2] dyed and corseted,[3] with the curl on his miserable old forehead kept in its place all night by a bandana[4] handkerchief, clutching at power, prostrating himself before royalty, tottering to congresses wheezing out his last gasps, with indefatigable snobbery,[5] at fashionable dinner tables; and then, with all his shrewdness and his worldly wisdom, so easily taken in: a dupe of the glittering outsides of things; a silly, septuagenarian[6] child, keeping itself quiet with a rattle of unrealities, unreal patriotism, and unreal loyalty, and unreal literature, and unreal love. Only, unfortunately, the picture would be a little crude. There would be a considerable degree of truth in it, no doubt, but it would miss the really interesting point. It would be the picture of a remarkable, entertaining, edifying, figure, but not an important one—a figure that might, after all, be ignored. And Dizzy could not be ignored. He was formidable—one of the most formidable men who ever lived. His conduct of the European negotiations which reached their climax in the Congress of Berlin—laid before us with illuminating detail by Mr. Buckle—reveals a mind in which all the great qualities of action—strength, courage, decision, foresight—were combined to form an engine of tremendous power. It is clear that Bismarck was right in treating him

almost, if not quite, as an equal, and to have been almost the equal of Bismarck is to have been something very considerable indeed. Nor, of course, was he merely a man of action. He had the nervous sensibility of an artist, living every moment of his life with acute self-consciousness and observing the world around him with the quick discrimination of an artist's eye. His letters, like his novels, are full of a curious brilliance —an irony more latent[1] than expressed, an artificiality which, somehow or other, is always to the point ; and some of his phrases have probably achieved immortality. The puzzle is that so many varied and splendid qualities should, in the aggregate, leave such an unsatisfying impression upon the mind. The gorgeous sphinx seems to ring hollow[2] after all. Never, one guesses, was so much power combined with so little profundity. The intrepid statesman drifts through politics without a purpose; the veteran man of the world is fascinated, by the paraphernalia[3] of smart parties ; the author of *Endymion*[4] is more ridiculously ingenuous than the author of *The Young Visitors*.[5] He could not, he said, at the age of seventy-four, "at all agree with the great King[6] that all is vanity." One wonders why. It is certainly very difficult to find anything in these twelve hundred pages which is not vanity—excepting, of course, the approbation[7] of Queen Victoria. The correspondence with Lady Bradford is typical of the whole strange case. To pursue, when one is seventy and Prime Minister, a Countess who is fifty-six and a grandmother, with protestations of eternal passion, appears to have presented itself to Dizzy quite genuinely as the secret culmination[8] of his career. Thus, under the rococo futilities[9] of his adoration, a feeling that is not entirely a simulacrum[10] is perceptible—a feeling not towards the lady, but towards himself and the romantic, the dazzling, and yet the melancholy

circumstances of his life. One perceives that in spite of his years and his experience and his cynicism,[1] he never grew old; under all the trappings the absurd Jew-boy is visible till the very end.

But perhaps, in reality, it is a mistake to look at the matter from the moralists' point of view. Perhaps it is as a history, not of values, but of forces, that this long ambiguous,[2] agitated existence should be considered. One would see it when as a mighty demonstration of energies—energies pitted against enormous obstacles, desperately struggling, miraculously triumphant, and attaining at last the apogee[3] of self-expression, perfect, and, from the very beginning, pre-ordained. Perhaps it is useless to enquire the object of it all. "Joy's life lies in the doing." Perhaps: Only, if that is so, joy's life is a singularly insubstantial thing. "*Condition de l'homme—inconstance, ennui, inquietude!*"[4] Let us, moralize with Pascal, if we must moralize at all. And in Dizzy's case, those three grim spectres seem always to be crouching behind the painted pasteboard scene.[5] Probably, indeed, he never noticed them for the old comedian, acting in his own most private theatre, with himself for audience, preferred not to question the solidity of the fairy palaces in which he played his marvellous part. But he, who, thanks, to Mr. Buckle and Mr. Monypenny, have been provided with seats in the wings,[6] can see only too clearly what lies on the other side of those flimsy erections. Such is the doom of the egotist. While he is alive, he devours all the happiness about him, like a grub on a leaf; but when he goes, the spectacle is not exhilarating. "*Le dernier acte est sanglant, quelque belle que soit la comédie en tout le reste. On jette enfin de la terre sur la tête, et en voilà pour jamais.*"[7]

THE RIGHT HON. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.

I

Public life, as they quaintly term the most private of the professions, is a queer business, proceeding mainly by contraries. One had been led to expect a certain inversion from an assembly which reserves the title of Speaker for its one silent member; and the expectation is richly satisfied. Ladies force their way into it on the strength (if one states the feminist point correctly) of their strong resemblance to gentlemen, and proceed, on their arrival, to arch demonstrations of feminity. Old gentlemen devote their declining years to furthering under King George V. a representative selection of the causes in opposition to which they died (under King Edward VII.) in a network of last ditches.[1] The whole atmosphere of politics is richly charged with Gilbertian possibilities, and the best of the joke is that so few people see it.

Even when a politician has virtues (and the case is not unknown), they are mainly negative. His fellow-countrymen from time to time select a new Prime Minister for the single and compelling reason that he is not the last Prime Minister. It was, to the public mind, the sole virtue of Mr. Gladstone that he was not Lord Beaconsfield; it was the proudest boast of Lord Salisbury that he was not Mr. Gladstone; it is the political stock-in-trade of quite a number of living gentlemen that they are not Mr. Lloyd George. But perhaps the most impressive demonstration of

these somewhat negative qualifications for high office is to be found in the circumstances attending the political advent of Mr. Bonar Law. His earlier phases had been somewhat obscure. A minor appointment in Mr. Balfour's administration had left the Southern public, always slow to grasp the niceties of Caledonian nomenclature, under the impression that he was a misprint. The fiscal controversy[1] enabled him to display a certain facility in dialectical arithmetic. But when the Conservative Party was stung to insurrection in 1911 by the dark suspicion that its leader was capable, in violation of the decencies of English public life, of seeing both sides of a question, Mr. Law was elevated to the leadership. His candidature was based upon a comprehensive, an almost unprecedented negative. It was claimed for him, in those days, that he was neither Mr. Austen Chamberlain nor Mr. Walter Long. The claim was a high one. If it was true, Mr. Law was quite clearly a paragon of that somewhat negative virtue which endears politicians to the hearts of their countrymen. It was the leading function of Conservative statesmen at that time not to be Mr. Asquith; and if, in addition to this negative, Mr. Law could boast that he was neither of the opposition leaders as well, his prospects were demonstrably glowing. His record was closely scrutinized; and, in the absence of any traces of hereditary right or Quarter Sessions geniality,[2] it was found that he was free from all possible imputations of being either Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand or Mr. Long on the other. It was equally clear (although the point did not arise at the time) that he was not Lord Beaconsfield or Lord Chatham; and he was selected for the leadership of his party in the happy expectation of a completely negative person. But his supporters had omitted to notice that he was Mr. Law.

Mr. Bonar Law in 1911 was a name with few connotations.[1] His countrymen knew little of him beyond a vigorous adherence to the fiscal doctrines of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, a rare capacity for speaking without notes, and an unimpressive appearance. The new leader presented the smallest possible target to the caricaturists. A harassed face and a clipped moustache were a poor substitute for the rich curves of Mr. Balfour; his hair lay shamefully close to his head; his feet *(proh pudor)*[2] were rarely on the despatch box; his hands never sought the lapels of his coat in the unforgettable, the Arthurian quest.[3] Even his golf (for he played golf) was the recreation of a city man, where once Mr. Balfour's had been an elegant idiosyncrasy. The public mind was slow to grasp the uneventful outline of his figure; even the invention of Mr. Max Beerbohm was reduced to a couple of Scotticisms about his accent in the later taste of Doctor Johnson.

But quite gradually his reputation began to gather on the political horizon in a more positive shape. His capacity as a fluent debater was sharpened by leadership into a tone of acerbity, which harmonized admirably with the increasing bitterness of party differences in the years between the Parliament Act and the War. His manner was excellently adapted to the leadership of an acrimonious opposition[4]; and the Scottish mannerism of emphasizing every word in a sentence passed unnoticed in the times when it was the sole duty of a Unionist leader to emphasize every word that he spoke. Those were the brave days of heroics about Ulster, when an eminent lawyer displayed, as Macaulay wrote about some one else, "a wonderful skill in grazing the edge of treason;" and if Mr. Law's slighter utterance seemed to sound almost treble to Sir Edward Carson's bass,[5] his resolute

guidance of a delighted party towards the last ditch was a contribution lacking, perhaps in originality, but of genuine significance to the history of Ireland. There can be little doubt that in 1914 Mr. Law saved his countrymen from the menace of a constitutional Ireland at their gates; and in that moment of triumph his adjustment of the Irish problem was stereotyped for five years by the timely outbreak of war.

Historians, with the advantage (as well as the greater comfort) of living after the event, rarely fail to appreciate a war. It gives tone to a period. It affords opportunities for vivid description for dramatic characterization, which are sadly lacking in those less eventful ages in which quite a large proportion of the civil population are permitted to die in their beds. Figures in war-time have a way of looming up grandly in outline against the red blaze of the world, of casting long shadows in the hard light of the conflagration, of looking uncommonly well in those Estimates and Appreciations in which they are customarily embalmed by a simple-minded posterity. Recent memory is overcrowded with examples of harmless gentlemen "caught," as a mild-eyed French Ambassador wrote of his alarming experiences in 1870, "in the front row in an immense and painful national catastrophe," and deriving from their awkward situation an added impressiveness. They could never have found it in a more normal career; but, seen against the vivid background of war, the little figures throw longer shadows. The meekest of us can somehow manage to look effective on the Brocken.[1] The glare, the cries, the queer shapes help a man somehow to strike a bolder attitude; strange lights play on him, and his shadow falls across history with a sharper outline. That, or something like it, seems, as one

studies the recent past, to have come to Mr. Bonar Law in war time. Dexterity with fiscal figures will not pass a man into Valhalla; and the dapper gentleman who sat in Mr. Balfour's seat seemed scarcely to have passed beyond the eminence of a respectable partisan. But as an honourable leader of opposition standing behind ministers when they took a sudden, dreadful plunge, a party leader taking his followers into a Ministry of All the Talents,[1] and a minister serving with surprising loyalty under a Premier whom he had consistently reviled, his figure begins to gain from the growing wildness of political scenery in time of war, until at last he emerges under Mr. Lloyd George into a bright light of the later stages, with his patient manner and his anxious eye, as the second citizen in England. History, which has forgotten the names of two of the three Consuls of the French Republic, may fumble a little to remember Mr. Bonar Law. If it does, he will be the victim of his own genius for collaboration. How far he helped to play a decisive, if questionable, part in the formation of that singular team[2] cannot be said, since the mysteries of December 1916 are still Eleusinian.[3] Yet he leaves a name for unselfishness in war time politics, when protestations of self-sacrifice were far more numerous than examples of it.

As a type, he possesses an even larger significance. England in war time was obsessed with a queer taste in masters. Foreigners might have recourse to the obvious expedient of government by persons of official experience, by soldiers with a professional familiarity with war, or by administrators with a professional familiarity with government. But this timorous course made no appeal to England; and the adventurous mood, which sends her bank-clerks scrambling up mountains in Switzerland, set the public mind searching for an unproved[4] lode of statesmanship

in the City. There was a quest, beside which the quest of the Grail is an exact science, for national leaders among the businessmen. A kind (but, it is to be feared, a purely temporary) oblivion covered the said fact that their intelligence had made a pitiable failure of the one public problem of which they had previously had charge—of the relations of employers with their workpeople—and all England went eagerly through the commercial world, searching for men of push (as the old phrase ran) and go.[1] They came; they pushed; and, fortunately, in almost every case they went. The brief experiment of businessmen in public life was not, one fears, successful. The judicious Mr. Burke had already foreseen the advent of those commercial advisers "who were to merit in flatteries and to be paid in contracts." For a short, glorious interlude there was a rich flavour of cigars in Whitehall, and the long automobiles stood respectfully outside the doors of Ministers. But as the Honours Lists slowly filled with unfamiliar names, the gentlemen, who had been swept into public life by cheering crowds, were bowed quietly out to the City again by the College of Heralds.[2]

Yet there was sense, as there is always sense, in the popular choice. It was imperative, when the world was convulsed with the horror of war, that the nation's course should be steered by impassive hands, by helmsmen unaware of the great icebergs looming behind the fog, by persons bereft by nature of all imagination. A more sensitive intelligence might set the hands shaking; and there was a sudden call for stolidity. It was to be found in board-rooms; and there the nation found it. Mr. Law was a clear type of the businessman in politics. There had been businessmen at Westminster before. Mr. Chamberlain had scared the subjects of Queen Victoria by making

screws.[1] But he early ceased, even Mr. W. H. Smith had ceased, to apply the routine intelligence of business to public affairs. They had become public men. The need in war time was for the heavier touch of business; and it was nowhere better seen than in the direct simplicity with which Mr. Law and his friends handled the helm. Perhaps they knew, perhaps they did not know, what they were doing. Perhaps it was better that they should not. Their statues, when we come to erect them, will not look impressive, because no sculptor is any good at trousers; and it is not an easy thing to put railway managers in togas. But, in spite of their spectacular disadvantages, they will cut quite a figure in history; and somewhere near the head of the commercial *Sieges-Allee*[2] will come the spare figure of Mr. Bonar Law.

II.

He became Prime Minister of England for the simple and satisfying reason that he was not Mr. Lloyd George. At an open competition in the somewhat negative exercise of not being Mr. Lloyd George that was held in November, 1922, Mr. Law was found to be more indubitably not Mr. Lloyd George than any of the other competitors; and in consequence, by the mysterious operation of the British Constitution, he reigned in his stead until, a little tragically, he was eclipsed.

SIR HUMFREY GILBERT.

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches,[1] there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride[2] with safety within a stone's throw[3] of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert with their half-brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream ; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows[4] of the ships which thronged it ; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariner's tales of the new earth beyond the sunset[5]. And here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco[6]. Another remarkable man, of whom we shall presently speak more closely, could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John

Davis,[1] showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present, we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness[2];" inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the forms of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage,[3] and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures. Gilbert was examined before the Queen's Majesty and the Privy Council, and the record of his examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures[4].

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents and that America therefore is necessarily an island. The Gulf Stream, which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*,[5] is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, Gilbert believing, in common with almost every one of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, and the land to the south[6] was unbroken to the pole. He

prophesies a market in the east for our manufactured linen and calicoes :—

The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the coloured clothes[1] wherewith his houses and tents were appareled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure.

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them ; but we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him :—

Never, therefore, mislike with me[2] for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.

Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind ; that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*.[3]

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which more or less great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated[4] by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth with commission from the Queen to discover and take possession from latitudes 45 to 50 north[5]—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic.[6] Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author. But Sir Humfrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse[1]. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End)[2]; the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the Frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add that in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands[3].

We were in all (says Mr. Hayes) 200 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurement of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobby horses and May-like conceits[4] to delight the savage people.

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there; and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*, and these too keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible

harbours, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World[1]. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August.

The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and hautboys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells.[2]

Two days after came the storm; the *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humfrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her; at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter, he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, to lay off for England.

So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion to our seeming,[3] in shape, hair and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bidde us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the General[4] himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bonum Omen*,[5] rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy if it were the devil.

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil; men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labour for God and for right they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere grey seal or sea-lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it required a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it[1] away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2nd of September the General came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers but he was full of confidence from what he had seen and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal[2] gold mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others they were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs and gold mines richer than California[3] in its huge rivers and savannahs.

Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold), continues Mr. Hayes), to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful

resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—"I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise[1]." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

Monday, the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away[2] oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," reiterating the same speech well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, and I can testify that he was.

The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and with all our watch cried, "The General was cast away," which was too true.

Thus faithfully (concludes Mr. Hayes, in some degree rising above himself) I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these North-western lands (as has it not grown ?) and the crosses,[3] turmoils and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humour, which before we noted to be in this gentleman and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine Will to resume him unto Himself whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired.

Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert, still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries; but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion: We have glimpses

of him a few years earlier, when he won his spurs in Ireland[1]—won them by deeds which to us seem terrible in their ruthlessness,[2] but which won the applause of Sir Henry Sidney as too high for praise or even reward. Chequered like all of us with lines of light and darkness,[3] he was, nevertheless, one of the race which has ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

EARL ST. VINCENT.

Earl St. Vincent dictated the recollections of his early life to his friend Captain Brenton; from this interesting narrative, and from information furnished in an able article in one of our most popular periodicals, we are enabled to give our readers an authentic account of the private and public life of this remarkable man.

"I was born," says the autobiographer,[1] "at Meeford, in Staffordshire, on the 9th January, o.s.,[2] 1734. My father was councillor and solicitor to the Admiralty, and auditor of Greenwich Hospital. At a very early age, I was sent to a grammar school at Burton-upon-Trent, where I remained long enough to be considered a capital Latin and Greek scholar for my years; and I was often selected by my master to show what proficiency his boys had attained. At the same time I frankly own to you, that I know very little about the matter now. At the age of twelve, I was removed to a school at Greenwich, kept by a Mr. Swinton, and where I was to have remained until fitted for college, being destined for the law. This favourite plan of my father's was, however, frustrated by his own coachman, whose name I have forgotten. I only remember that I gained his confidence, always sitting by his side on the coach-box[3] when we drove out. He often asked what profession I intended to choose. I told him I was to be a lawyer. 'Oh! don't be a lawyer, Master Jacky,' said the old man, 'all lawyers are rogues.'

"About this time, Strachan, father of the late Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, came to the same school, and we became great friends. He told me such stories of the happiness of sea life, into which

he had lately been initiated, that he easily persuaded me to quit the school, and go with him. We set out accordingly, and concealed ourselves on board a ship at Woolwich. My father was at that time absent on the northern circuit.[1] My mother and sisters were in a state of distraction, at learning our absence from school, fearing that some disaster had happened to us. But, after keeping them three days in the utmost anxiety, and suffering ourselves much privation and misery, we thought it best to return home. I went in at night, and made myself known to my sisters, who remonstrated with me rather warmly on my impropriety of conduct, and assured me that Mr. Swinton would chastise me severely for it; to which I replied, that he certainly would not, for that I did not intend to go to school any more and that I was resolved to be a sailor. Next day my mother spoke to me on the subject, and I still repeated that I would be a sailor. This threw her into much perplexity, and in the absence of her husband, she made known her grief, in a flood of tears, to Lady Archibald Hamilton, mother of the late Sir William Hamilton, and wife of the Governor of Greenwich Hospital; her ladyship said, she did not see the matter in same light as my mother did; that she thought the sea a very honourable, and a very good profession, and said she would undertake to procure me a situation in a ship of war. Shortly afterwards Lady Hamilton introduced me to Lady Burlington, and she to Commodore Townshend, who was at that time going out in the *Gloucester*, as commander-in-chief to Jamaica. She requested that he would take me on his quarter-deck,[2] to which the commodore readily consented, and I was forthwith to be prepared for a sea life.

"My equipment was rather what may be called grotesque. My coat was made for me to grow up to;

it reached down to my heels, and was fully large in the sleeves. I had a dirk[1] and a gold laced hat, and in this costume my uncle caused me to be introduced to my patroness, Lady Burlington, and where I acquitted myself but badly. I lagged behind my uncle, and held by the skirt of his coat. Her ladyship, however, insisted on my coming forward, shook hands with me, and told me I had chosen a very honourable profession. She then gave Mr. Parker a note to Commodore Townshend, desiring that we should call on him early the next morning. This we did, and after waiting some time, the commodore made his appearance in the nightcap and slippers, and in a very rough and uncouth voice asked me how soon I would be ready to join his ship. I replied, 'Directly'. 'Then you may go tomorrow morning,' said he, 'and I will give you a letter to the first lieutenant.' This was in the year 1748. As soon as the ship was ready for sea, we proceeded to Jamaica, and as I was always fond of an active life, I volunteered to go into small vessels, and saw a good deal of what was going on.

"My father had a very large family, with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time on the station, I drew for twenty more but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise which I have ever kept that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking[2] of my bed, and having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honour, I took up my bill, and from that time to this, I have taken care to keep within my means."

For six years did young Jervis[1] submit to every species of pinching privation, which, however, did not prevent him from assiduously cultivating his naval studies, to make himself eligible for a lieutenant's commission. This he received in the early part of January, 1755, and was appointed to the line of battle-ship, "Prince," commanded by Captain Saunders, who saw in the lieutenant qualities which induced him to forward the young officer's views by every means in his power. In 1759, he became an admiral, and when intrusted with the naval command of the expedition against Canada, he appointed Jervis his first lieutenant. General Wolfe, Commander-in-Chief of the Military Forces, sailed in the "Prince." He happened to have been a schoolfellow of Jervis, and during the voyage they became fast friends. When arrived before Quebec, and on the eve of the siege, the following affecting incident took place :—

On the night previous to the battle, after all the orders for the assault were given, Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend Jervis, at which, saying he had the strongest presentiment[2] that he should be killed in the fight of the next day, but he was sure he would die on the field of glory, Wolfe unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the miniature of a young lady, with whose heart his own "blended," he delivered it to Commander Jervis, entreating that if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were too completely fulfilled, and Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther.

Before the year 1769, Jervis had attained the rank of captain, and was appointed to the "Alarm" frigate, destined for the Mediterranean. At that time, African slaves were bought, sold, and made use of in Spain,

Portugal, and Italy, just as they are at this present time[1] in the southernmost of the United States. While the "Alarm" was cruising off Genoa, there having been occasion to send a boat on shore, two slaves jumped into it, and enfolding themselves in the British flag, shouted "We are free!" A Genoese officer, hearing this, caused them to be dragged from their place of refuge, one of the slaves carrying away with him a piece of the flag which had been torn off in the struggle. This being reported to Captain Jervis, he at once decided it was an insult to the British flag, and "accordingly," he says, "I demanded, of both the Doge and Senate, that both the slaves should be brought on board the 'Alarm,' with part of the torn colour which the slave carried off with him, the officer of the guard punished, and an apology made on the quarter-deck of the 'Alarm,' under the king's colours, for the outrage offered to the British nation;" and he carried every point of his demand. Not long after this incident, the 'Alarm' was wrecked off Marseilles but the crew was saved, and the ship, by extraordinary exertions, repaired, so as to be again seaworthy.

The "Alarm" having been paid off, Jervis took a holiday, and made a tour of the chief naval arsenals of Europe. He first visited those of France, and then proceeded to St. Petersburgh and the Baltic. On his return to England he was appointed to the "Foudroyant," considered the finest two-decked ship[2] in the British navy; and after having served in her as part of the Channel fleet, he was sent to sea in 1782, with twelve sail of the line,[3] under Admiral Barrington. During this expedition, he took a French ship, the "Pegase," after a short fight, in which he did not lose a single man.

When the news of the capture reached England, Lord Keppel inquired of George the Third, what reward Jervis should have for his gallant exploit, and

his Majesty promptly replied, "Let him be made a Knight Commander of the Bath." In the same year, the 'Foudroyant' joined Lord Howe's fleet for the relief of Gibraltar, which had been beseiged by the Spaniards for nearly two years. This object having been accomplished, Jervis returned to England with his ship which was paid off. He now commenced a new career. His services not being required afloat, Sir John Jervis undertook the duties of a legislator, having been returned[1] at the general election of 1784, as member for the port of Yarmouth. He remained on shore during eight years, and in 1787 was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral.

A misunderstanding having taken place between this country and Spain in 1790, a fleet was sent out to Nootka Sound, and Jervis commanded one division of it. The quarrel was, however, arranged, and warfare avoided. On the return of the fleet into port, Admiral Jervis performed an act of justice and benevolence which was the more praiseworthy, being of rare occurrence in those days. Each flag officer was allowed to select one midshipman for promotion. In Jervis's ship, the "Prince," there were the sons of some of the most influential aristocracy in the country, for many of whom overpowering interest was made with him. Among these aspirants, however, was the son of an old, poor, and deserving lieutenant, who had no interest or influence, and when the day of nomination came, every one was surprised to find that upon him Sir John's unsolicited choice had fallen. In answer to the youth's overflowings of gratitude and astonishment at his good fortune, Sir John said, "Sir, I named you for the lieutenant I was allowed to promote, because you had merited the good opinion of your superiors, and that you were the son of an old officer and worthy man in no great affluence. A steady

perseverance in that conduct which has now caused you to be thus distinguished, is the most likely means to carry you forward in your profession; for I trust that other officers of my rank will observe the maxim that I do—to prefer the son of a brother officer, when deserving, before any other."

In 1793, Jervis was intrusted with the command of the naval portion of the expedition against the French West Indian islands, which was undertaken in conjunction with an army commanded by Sir Charles Grey. To this expedition we owe our possession at the present time of the most fertile islands in the western world. While on this service, the admiral furnished a striking instance of the courteous and considerate manner in which he could rebuke negligence, or want of discipline, without adopting the harsh and imperious tone which was then far too usual amongst officers high in command. Commodore Thomson, a good seaman, but noted for being slovenly and careless about his dress, was one day espied by Jervis in a boat, clad in a purser's duck frock,[1] and a common straw hat. As the commodore neared the stern of the flag ship, the Admiral called out, pretending to mistake him for a common sailor, "In the barge there! Go and assist in towing that transport!" A commodore is only second in rank to a rear-admiral, and this was a duty usually performed by the commonest seamen. But Commodore Thomson received the gentle rebuke as his chief intended it. Standing up in the board, and taking off his hat, he answered the hail in proper style, "Aye, aye, sir!" and actually proceeded to execute the order.

On his return from the West Indies, Sir John Jervis was not allowed to remain long on shore. At the close of 1795, he had the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and, in 1797, fought the celebrated battle of Cape

St. Vincent. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to him, together with a pension of £3000 per annum. He was also created Earl St. Vincent. At this time a mutiny broke out in the fleet, which was quelled mainly by the firmness and promptitude of the Earl. After remaining for some time in the Mediterranean, he was obliged to return home on account of ill health, but he had not been long at Bath, when symptoms of another mutiny showed itself in the fleet cruising in the British Channel, and the Government pressed him to go to sea, though in a state of health by no means calculated for active service. One morning when the doctor paid his customary visit, his lordship said, "Baird, I am going afloat." "Surely, my lord, you are not—" "Stop, Baird," his lordship replied, "I anticipate all you are going to say; but the King and the Government require it, and the discipline of the British navy demands it. It is of no consequence to me whether I die afloat or ashore; the die is cast." He hoisted his flag in the Ville de Paris, and forthwith entered on command of the Channel Fleet, in which his promptitude and discipline proved of great value to the service. His remarkable benevolence is manifested in a circumstance which occurred at this period. One day, the ship's company were ordered to bathe. On returning to their duty, Lord St. Vincent observed a favourite seaman in tears, surrounded by a group of his comrades. He called his secretary and said, "There's my delight, Roger Odell, in tears; go, see what's the matter." It turned out that Roger had jumped off the fore-yard with his trousers on and had forgotten that all he possessed in the world consisted of bank notes in one of the pockets. The water reduced them to a useless pulp. The admiral went into his cabin, but presently returned, and ordered all hands to be turned up. Odell was summoned, and

the admiral, assuming one of his angry looks, thus addressed him: "Roger Odell, you are convicted, sir, by your own appearance, of tarnishing the British oak with tears! What have you to say?" The poor fellow, overpowered by his distress, could only plead, "that he had lost all he had in the world, that he had been many years saving it, and that he could not help crying a little." The admiral, still preserving his look of displeasure, said, "The loss of money, sir, can never be an excuse to a British seaman for tears." Then softening down his tone, he proceeded, "Roger Odell, you are one of the best men in the ship; in my life I never saw a man behave better in battle than you, in the 'Victory,' did in the action with the Spanish fleet. To show, therefore, that your commander-in-chief will never pass over merit wheresoever he may find it, there is your money, sir," giving him £70; "but no more tears, mind; no more tears." The poor fellow, holding the notes in his hand, astonished and confused, but becoming sensible of the reality, said, in a hurried manner, "Thank ye, my lord, thank ye!" and dived down below to conceal a fresh gush of tears of gratitude.

The Royal Naval Asylum, for the orphan children of seamen, owed its early success to Lord St. Vincent's tact and generosity. Having learned that an establishment for the succour of orphan children of seamen, at Paddington, was languishing for lack of funds, he gathered a large sum in its aid, by voluntary subscription, among the captains of his fleet, putting down his own name for £1000. This fortunate acquisition of funds carried the institution over its difficulties, and having afterwards attracted the attention and support of Government, it became what it now is, the Naval Asylum.

In 1805, Earl. St. Vincent was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and signalized himself by

correcting several glaring abuses which had crept into the dockyard. His administration of the naval affairs of the country ended with a change of ministry in 1806, and the veteran admiral again went afloat to command the Channel Fleet. This was the last service he performed afloat, having finally struck his flag[1] on the death of Mr. Fox, in 1807. When the King heard of his retirement, he sent for him, and a characteristic colloquy took place, of which we give an abstract: "Well, Lord St. Vincent," his Majesty began, "you have now quitted active service, as you say, for ever; tell me, do you think the naval service is better or worse than when you first entered it?" "Very much worse, please your Majesty," answered Lord St. Vincent. "How so? how so?" asked the King quickly. "Sire," replied Lord St. Vincent, "I have always thought that a sprinkling of nobility was very desirable in the navy, as it gives some sort of consequence to the service; but at present, the navy is so overrun by the younger branches of nobility, and the sons of members of Parliament, and they so swallow up all the patronage, and so choke the channel to promotion that the son of an old officer, however meritorious his services may have been, has little or no chance of getting on." And after a time the veteran added, "Sire, I hope your Majesty will pardon me for saying, I would rather promote the son of an old deserving officer than of any noble in the land." The King mused for a minute or two and then said, "I think you are right, Lord St. Vincent, quite right."

Lord St. Vincent now retired into private life, bearing with him, as Sheridan happily said, "a triple laurel over the enemy, the mutineer, and the corrupt. The state of his health did not allow him to reside long at his house in London, and his small retreat of Rochetts, therefore, became his principal abode; but he

occasionally came up to attend House of Lords, and sometimes spoke of naval subjects. Latterly, however, his infirmities prevented him from attending his parliamentary duties.

In March, 1823, Lord St. Vincent's robust frame was approaching its last functions; old age, (he was ninety), debility and convulsive fits of coughing, had all but worn it out. Yet on the 13th of that month, while the hand of death was upon him, he was still alive to the great passing events of the day; and about eight in the evening, after lying in silent exhaustion for two hours, he departed without a sigh or groan, in the presence of his affectionate friends, Sir George Grey, Dr. Baird, and his faithful old secretary. He was succeeded in the peerage by his nephew, Mr. Edward Jervis Ricketts, inheriting the viscounty only. His remains were interred at Stone, in Staffordshire, quite privately, as his will directed. A public monument is erected to his memory in St. Paul's cathedral.

Lord St. Vincent was married, in 1783, to Martha, daughter of Lord Chief Baron Parker, after a courtship of thirty years. He became a widower in 1816, his wife dying at the age of eighty-one. They left no children.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

THE writer of literary miscellanies[1] is a suspected person. For casual skimming in a weekly or monthly review he is all very well; but has he any right to the comparative eternity of publishers' cloth?[2] His matter smells of the common-place book,[3] his method suggests the pump-handle.[4] He thinks in paragraphs, sorts the world into pages, and sees men as columns walking. We doubt his authority; he writes, but does he know? The first essential of good writing is the having of something to say, a condition often unfulfilled in the case of the miscellaneous author. Knowledge is the mother of eloquence in literature, just as, unfortunately necessity is the mother of invention. If you are to transfer something of life into your book, you must know life and not merely the vital statistics[5] accessible in the books of others. An original writer is inspired by life, an imitative author by literature. The one reports at first hand, the other at second, or fifth hand. The work of the one is vital, the work of the other vitiated[6] by inbreeding and the consumption of breathed air. Thus the better part of the world prefers its men of letters to be men of experience as well, and not mere literary dilettanti[7] who shrink from contact with reality. How far the preference is sound can be decided by a rapid review of the varied, and sometimes tumultuous careers of many greater writers.

Now this is specially applicable to the case of Walter Bagehot, first because he was a miscellaneous writer who has survived by his fitness, next because he

happened to be a distinguished man of affairs as well as a distinguished man of letters, and next because he has expressed, in his own incisive way, the general sense of the world in such matters. Shakespeare is to him a type of the "experiencing mind" with a store of first-hand observation as material, while Southey represents the mere man of letters, the literary manufacturer, who lived in a vacuum, and with painful industry wrote poetry before breakfast, philosophy before lunch, and history before dinner. Certainly there was no keener man of the world than Bagehot himself. He knew men, he knew politics, he knew business; and that knowledge is revealed in all he wrote. His essays are alive because he was alive; his financial theory is intelligent because he was a financier in practice; and his constitutional philosophy is sound because he knew both politics and politicians. Without "the vision and the faculty divine," mere experience is of course almost valueless in literature; but with the "accomplishment of words" experience makes a powerful combination.

Bagehot (whose name, by the way, should be pronounced as if written Badge-ot) was born at Langport in Somerset on 3rd February, 1826, of distinguished banking lineage. His father was managing director and vice-chairman of the famous Stuckey's Bank, whose notes were so familiar in the west of England that true Somerset men have been known to reject the foreign and suspicious paper of Threadneedle Street[1] and to demand payment "in Stuckey." Indeed, there was finance on both sides of the family, for his mother was also a Stuckey; and she contributed to the joint stock not only further banking traditions, but a highly cultivated interest of her own and of her relatives in scientific inquiry and pursuits. The future author of *Physics and Politics* certainly owed

much of his keen interest in scientific speculation to the influence of his maternal relatives. He was educated first at a Bristol school, and then at University College, London, where one of his friends was R. H. Hutton, afterwards editor of the *Spectator*, whose charming memorial essay is the chief authority for details of Bagehot's life. He took the mathematical scholarship with his Bachelor's degree at London University in 1846, and the gold medal in Intellectual and Moral Philosophy with his Master's degree two years later. These distinctions indicate some of the predilections and influences of his youth, but, as usual, much should be set down to the account of time and place. Bagehot's most impressionable years were spent in London and during the forties, with Cobden and Newman[1] as the main lines of influence. The family Unitarianism that prevented him from going to Oxford[2] must be counted as a fortunate circumstance for to such a mind as Bagehot's the " now " of London was better than the " once " of Oxford.[3] He did not, however, completely escape the influence of Oxford, for that lovely city with its remote and cloistral atmosphere was personified in John Henry Newman, whose winsome poetry captivated Bagehot, as so many more, and compelled him to an interest in the problems that troubled Rome's most distinguished convert.

To a temperament like Bagehot's, the merely sentimental appeal of Rome[4] counted for something but not for much. That it had an effect certain verses remain to prove; but this disturbance is an almost inevitable phase—sometimes the first, sometimes the last phase—of the religious mind; and Bagehot's possession of a religious mind is proved by the fact that his views underwent a change. That the change, from the orthodox point of view, was in the direction of breadth rather than intensity makes no difference.

The unquestioning acceptance of a form of faith as a sort of geographical circumstance is a mark, not of the religious, but of the merely passive mind. The challenging and the changing of early religious prepossessions is at least a sign that the mind has been troubled by deep matters, and is anxious for the truth. While, then, the sentimental aspect of Rome had some effect upon Bagehot, the real secret of its attraction lay in the historical, the pragmatic[1] glamour of the Catholic Church. Rome, to him, was a polity justified, on the whole, by its consequences. A constitutional system that had worked through a past of wonderful history and continued to work in a changed and changing present, would certainly seem to deserve the respect and almost the adherence, of a mind predisposed to political considerations.

Fortunately, however, Newman was not the sole interest of his college years. London was ringing with the strife of Free Trade against Protection ; and whatever else this question may have been, it was certainly actual and vital. Whether the Church of Rome was the rightful representative of the primitive apostolic foundation[2] was no doubt an important matter ; but whether bread should be too dear to buy had at least an appearance of superior urgency. It was a primitive question of a different kind. Bagehot and Hutton pursued Cobden and Bright and other Free Trade heroes in their oratorical progress, and diligently discussed their speeches by the standards of Chatham and Burke. The enthusiasm thus enkindled never died away. Free Trade remained with Bagehot as a real dynamic interest, the charm of Newman asserting itself rather as sentimental, literary influence ; so that, to take an instance of their divergence, Sir Robert Peel, who presently became little better than one of the ungodly to Newman and his kind, commanded

Bagehot's increasing respect, and is the subject of appreciative consideration in one of his best essays.

In the friendship between Bagehot and that most tragic of Newman's disciples, Arthur Hugh Clough, something of the master's influence may perhaps be seen; but the common interest was philosophical rather than theological, and the connection was actually formed in the unecclesiastical atmosphere of University College, to which Clough had come as Principal of a hall of residence. Between Clough, with his cloistral instincts thwarted by sceptical convictions, and Bagehot, with his sanguine, practical interest in the world of men, there would seem, at first sight, to be no point of contact; but the philosophic quietism of Clough found an answer in the younger man's instinctive dislike of extremes, especially of emotional extremes; and their actual literary practice suggests a further likeness. They were both serious men with a vein of humour that tinged their wisdom now with gaiety and now with cynicism. The sardonic asides of the *Literary Studies* find a counterpart in such poems as "The Latest Decalogue"; and if Bagehot is one of our most high-spirited essayists, "The Bothie of Tober-na-Voulich" is one of our most pleasant pieces of poetic gaiety. The strength of the friendship is but feebly indicated in Bagehot's chilly essay on the poet, which has even more than the writer's usual restraint upon his feelings, and dissipates at the end, as if he were afraid of opening his heart, into a rather superfluous account of the "Amours de Voyage." For the truth about Clough it is not to this essay by one of his closest friends that we must turn.

In 1851, Bagehot went to Paris and lived through the stirring times of the *coup d'etat*[1] by which the President, Louis Napoleon, overthrew the Republic, and secured the perpetuation of his power under the

title of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. Bagehot's cynical and unexpected approval of this political crime was expressed in a series of letters that appalled his friends and almost extinguished the respectable Unitarian paper to which he had been rashly asked to contribute. He was not quite twenty-six; he was of the eager, sanguine temperament whose defect it is to run into cocksureness; his Liberalism (such as it was) did not at any time of his life exclude a whole-hearted contempt for the masses; hence his rather Nietzschean[1] approval of Louis Napoleon—really a man of sawdust, yet, at the moment, strong enough, as it seemed, to tread down the mutable many who, being French, were silly precisely because they were not stupid. "I think M. Bonaparte," he writes in a letter to Hutton, "is entitled to great praise. He has very good heels to his boots, and the French just want treading down, and nothing else—calm, cruel, business; like oppression, to take the dogmatic conceit out of their heads." And so, with characteristic cynicism, and with characteristic eagerness for experience, Bagehot helped the Republicans, whom he despised, to build barricades against the man whom he admired.

This episode of his early manhood is additional evidence of the hardness that somewhat mars his work —hardness, remember, not bluntness. His temper was of steel—keen, resilient, but undeniably hard. He seemed impatient of emotion and suspicious of any action born of its influence. He was, in fact, an example of excessive rationalism; and the defect of excessive rationalism is that it is excessively unreasonable. Reason looks well on paper; but in reality we have scanty grounds for assuming that reason is a better guide to life than feeling. Reason is certainly triumphant, and feeling as certainly annihilated in the science with which, in his lifetime, Bagehot's name

was specially connected. He was a financier and economist. While he admired Adam Smith (upon whom he has written a very delightful essay), his respect for Ricardo was warmer still. Now the defect (or merit—so much depends upon point of view) of Ricardo and his school is that they dehumanized what is after all a matter of human concern. They wrote as if the world were peopled by man and not by men, and as if that world were the fictitious realm of pure mechanics, where elasticity is perfect, where friction is unknown, and where you may always neglect the weight of the elephant. Bagehot recognized, quite fully this serious limitation of economic science, and defended it as a necessary method of inquiry. From that point of view he is right; but in this study, almost beyond any other, there is a constant temptation to take abstractions as realities. No one could live in the rigid, frictionless world of pure mechanics; yet people constantly talk, and even act, as if we did live in the world of pure economics. After all, the father of the science[1] was wiser than the followers, when he called his treatise *The Wealth of Nations*, and considered his subject, not as a separate entity, but as a mere aspect of whole human science into the scheme of which he tried to fit it. Bagehot suffered from economic degeneration of the heart. For the "still, sad music of humanity" he had no ear. Shakespeare's scorn of the rude mechanicals is music to him, and in any discussion of capital and labour, he is not only on the side of capital—as he might reasonably be—but he is patently contemptuous of labour, as no true economist should be. Here again, the abstractions of science are a source of confusion. Much of the absurdity that results from argument about capital and labour is due to our incorrigible dialectic habit of dividing things into two abstract and mutually

exclusive parts, and then assuming that the abstractions are facts. Labour does no more in the world's work, Bagehot argues in the *Economic Studies*, than the compositors do in producing *The Times*; whereas capital is like the editor who, by shaping a policy, choosing this, and rejecting that, actually makes the paper. This would be a hard world for most of us, if we had to be judged by our metaphors; but that Bagehot was satisfied with such an illustration shows the depth of unreality into which a pure economist can sink; for he overlooks not only the fact that the editor, as such, is already part of the labour, but this: that if the editor could (as in fact he cannot) dispense with all assistance, and produce and distribute the paper single-handed, he would cease to be part of the labour, and become all of it. The economist, even more than the author, is a person who lives in a vacuum and takes no account of mankind.

Bagehot had at first intended to practise at the Bar, to which he was called in 1852; but during his stay in Paris he abandoned the career of "law and bad jokes till we are forty" (as Dizzy has it), and began serious work at the family calling. Business, he said, is more amusing than pleasure; and he gravely declared that dabbling his hands in a heap of sovereigns was a certain cure for the megrims.[1] His amusing business fortunately did not engross all his energies, for he found time to write a series of articles for the *Prospective Review* and the *National*—the latter of which he assisted in editing. His marriage in 1858 to a daughter of the Right Hon. James Wilson, founder of the *Economist*, was a factor of much importance in his life; for, apart from the domestic happiness that ensued, the connection with Wilson gave him an inside intimacy with the world of high politics. When his father-in-law went to India as Financial Member of

the Council, Bagehot succeeded him in the editorial chair of the *Economist*, and held it till his own death in 1877. Politics had always been a strong interest of the Bagehot family; moreover, politics and finance are near neighbours when they are not the same thing. As editor of the *Economist* Bagehot came into closer touch with the machine and gained the knowledge of its working that helps to give his little book on the *Constitution* a classic authority.

There is little more to say of Bagehot's external life. He tried more than once to get into Parliament, but was never actually returned. On the whole this is well. He belonged really to neither of the great parties. He was, to use his own phrase, "between sizes in politics." He was a rigorous Free Trader and could never have worked with a Tory party that still hankered after Protection, and he was too remote from sympathy with democracy ever to have been a good Liberal. For us this detachment is pure gain, and makes him, in his political essays, the friendly foe of Conservatives and "damned good-natured friend" of Liberals. His robust mind was housed in an apparently robust body—though far less robust than was imagined, for he died suddenly on 24th March, 1877, at the early age of fifty-one.

Bagehot's work has the brilliance of a diamond; but it has also its adamantine hardness. This is generally a defect of the critical spirit. Where criticism ends and creation begins would evade the nicest of definitions. In a sense, all literature is criticism, since it is an account of how life strikes an observer. Learned gentlemen of the academic type, accustomed to the pigeon-holing of literature, have been driven to querulous discontent by Matthew Arnold's dictum that poetry is a criticism of life. But Arnold's judgment was sound, and was wrong only in being restricted.

Not poetry alone, but all literature, all great literature is a criticism of life. However, though we may not be able to state the difference in a definition, yet we feel that there is a kind of literature that is critical rather than creative. To the category of criticism all Bagehot's work belongs. He is the purely critical spirit of the mid-Victorian era as Samuel Butler was of its close. To borrow a phrase from his own work, he audited the accounts of politics and letters, and wrote a vigorous report on the balance or deficit. Now the perfect accountant is passionless, and therefore sometimes grotesquely wrong. Not long ago, a government auditor, in reviewing the accounts of an education authority responsible for the feeding of necessitous children, reported adversely upon the expenditure of money in apples and bananas. A child, it appeared, might have an apple in a dumpling, for that was food and therefore a necessity; but not an apple by itself, for that was fruit and therefore a luxury. It is in just such a way as this that the critical spirit goes wrong. As a general fact, no writer creates according to rule—those who, like Wordsworth think they do, being unaware of the difference between their impulses and their intentions; but many writers criticize according to rules, and have thereby brought criticism at times into a contempt that might have killed it, if the passion for sitting in judgment had not been as eternal in the human breast as hope. The man or book that fulfils the requirements of *a priori* criticism is generally salt that has not lost, but has never had, a savour. Thus Bagehot thought nothing of Abraham Lincoln and a great deal of Sir George Lewis. Here I am afraid it is necessary to warn a present-day reader against thinking immediately of Ely Place and society scandal. The Sir George Lewis of Bagehot's admiration was not the eminent solicitor.

but Sir George Cornwell Lewis, author of treatises on ancient astronomy, ancient history and ancient languages ; Secretary to the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer and War Secretary in successive Palmerston ministries and altogether as completely dead as it is possible for a departed statesman to be. Such are the idols that rationalist criticism sets up for worship. Bagehot was at fault, too, with greater men. While he says true things of Disraeli, he talks of that statesman's lack of influence over Englishmen in terms that every Primrose Day disproves ; and his forecast of Gladstone's future certainly contains no hint of the now almost legendary "Grand Old Man." Bagehot's auditing of literary and political accounts is undeniably vigorous, and with complete impartiality he was ready to vivisect[1] his friends as if he loved them. Yet it is well to remind ourselves that the man who is moved by his feelings is not commonly more at fault than the man who is moved by his logic, and he has the advantage of being wrong more amiably.

But all this is the defect and not the essence of Bagehot's quality. In actual fact he is the most inspiring of writers, as full of humour as of wisdom. No truer thing could be said of him than the remark, quoted by Hutton, that he made one either think or laugh,—usually both. He has all Macaulay's clearness, and if he has less than Macaulay's force, he has more than Macaulay's humour, and more than Macaulay's depth. He is a genuinely original writer, with a power of showing his subject from new standpoints. You have seen pictures of cathedral interiors with central aisle bisecting the nave into precisely similar halves and leading straight to a tiny altar in the middle of the composition. Bagehot gives you no such view. His, rather, is the art that reveals a subject in illuminative glimpses from unexpected corners—here a strange vista,

there a remote tomb, here the quaintly chiselled saint, there the incongruous gargoyle. The image is heavy but it will serve; for in all he wrote there is an element of the unexpected. His bright phrases flash not only on the surface but into the depths of his subject. As an essayist (and he is essentially that) Bagehot's popularity is perceptibly increasing. He has, in a degree quite remarkable in an Englishman, the quality that the French call *esprit*; and, like the French, he was not afraid to use in writing the cultivated spoken language of his countrymen. Indeed, many passages of the essays have all the easy intimacy and sparkle of first-rate conversation, as far removed from the pompous and the forced as from the slangy and the slip-shod. But he is not merely amusing. His note of mingled gravity and levity is quite his own. He can be as cynical and worldly as you please, as in his vivid letters on the *coup d'etat* and just as other-worldly in the essays and asides that touch upon the perilous topics of faith and morals. He is thus a grateful writer to the ordinary man. We are neither beasts nor angels. Our feet are planted on the earth, but our eyes scan the heavens; and so we are glad of a writer who knows our limitations and our aspirations and is kind to both.

GEDDES.

"*There is no cure-all, no patent remedy.*"

—*P.G.*

An agile, thin young man (seventy-three years of age),[1] swift in movement and sudden in action, with gentle, sad, tired eyes glowing beneath shaggy eyebrows, wiry hair on end, pulling at his shaggy beard with tireless hands, paces in his garden on the summit of a hill outside Montpellier and surveys the wide horizon while considering the immediate problem of the moment, and at the same moment attending to the planting which is his life's recreation. He is a prophet in exile. And, as he surveys, he talks. He talks ceaselessly, sometimes so gently that his words are lost in his beard, sometimes so fiercely that, as his pacing suddenly comes to a stop and he confronts his listener, trembling with righteous rage, his eyes literally blaze with passion.

Can this ready, scintillating[2] wit, this eager blaze of energy, this white heat of creative power, really come from a man of over seventy?

His children, fearful for him, have urged him to retire.

"Daddy, you have fought long enough," they have said. "Come home to us on your Castle-hill at Edinburgh, and let us take care of you, and give you rest."

"I am still on the battlefield of life," is the reply, almost hissed out from between obstinately closed lips —he has the mouth of a satyr! [3]

In his youth he had dreamed a dream, seen a vision, so vast that while there is life in him he must battle on, always hoping to make this dream come true.

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

Blake's verses might be emblazoned on the shield of Geddes—with this difference, his vision encompasses the entire universe! Here we have a professor who "specializes in omniscience."

All over the world, to-day, people are asking, "Who is Patrick Geddes, what does he stand for?" Yet he remains the most unknown—obscure even to the mass—of all pioneers and students.

Why is this?

Because he has always run away from publicity, and when, at rare intervals, it has been forced upon him, he has complained of being skinned alive! His real interest, like the children's, is in the next game, not in the last one; and so, too, it is the new research rather than the finished and published one, that matters to him. It is like the artist's enthusiasm for the next picture; and research cannot be made public, in his view, until it has proved workable, and been applied; by which time he frees himself of it, and is on the track of something else.

He pleads: "......And so, above all, peace and quietness for this. That is the very meaning of the cell, the hermitage, the cloister, the study, the laboratory, through the ages. You Londoners talk endlessly of politics and capital and labour—but what makes your Parliament so futile (to-day most of all) and, capital and labour alike too sterile (save of money quarrels), is just that they have no study to retreat into, and thus no fresh thought to offer. But in science—

perhaps most of all just now for social solutions—we need in the most real sense to revive the monastic discipline[1] for ourselves and not simply its hospitality for others. Press methods not only killed poor Langley with its sneers at his aeroplane, it does worse: it has spoiled Edison, largely; and Burbank almost altogether—and so it is spoiling the younger generation too: so leave me at peace in my cloister to think out and prepare the better city, the renewing university!...."

But now after more than half a century of ceaseless battling with himself in his cloister, and on the field of life, too, people all over the world are beginning to ask about him, to want to see this very tangible force behind so many steps in modern progress.

From all over the earth, from India and Dundee, Paris and Mexico, New York, Jerusalem, Johannesburg, Montreal, London, Melbourne, Manchester, Berlin and Rome, there come, at intervals, the written opinions of authorities in various branches of arts and sciences, comparing Patrick Geddes to Darwin, Galton, Newton, Leibnitz, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Socrates, Sir Francis Bacon, and even to Leonardo da Vinci.

Each specialist sees him mirrored in his own particular speciality—for he encompasses them all! "But," says a London writer, "there is one word which sums him up—perhaps the most defiled word in the world—politics."

His hatred of publicity is not the only reason for his seeming obscurity. We have seen how Bose had to wait twenty years for recognition because he saw the inorganic and the organic sciences as indivisible, proclaimed the unity of science, and brought religion to this wedding.

What, then, can we expect for Geddes—one of the fathers of modern geography, and of much in modern psychology and biology, who sees no dividing line

between politics, ethics, and education; no separating barrier between religion, sciences and arts, or between labour and capital, save arranging them all as developing in and from the common world of folk—work—place; who in his "Charting of Life," proves that there are no separate individualisms possible, no separation between the classes and the people, no walls to separate science from art, labour from intellect, or those from the inner life; and thus no sterilizing[1] of the spiritual forces which arise from these, to remould the world and its governments upon the plane of deeds and achievements.

Of course, the learned societies do not yet ask him in!

"Geddes is a figure apart in modern science....his vision is penetrating many minds....It is unfortunate that the scientific world can bestow no honour that would quite fit the case of Geddes, though its debt to him is seen in the manifold utilization and development of his thought, not seldom used by workers who scarcely know his name."

No Fellowship of the Royal Society for this man, to include whose interests and activities each distinct card index and catalogue would be needed, and a new one made!

Card indexes, whether in publishers' or in Government offices, cost money to make, and once made are not lightly thrown over; the machinery of organization by which the present-day world is run is a very costly thing, and cannot be thrown away or remade in a day.

There is no room in the world as it is, for he who "specializes in omniscience," and some would say that to make room would mean no less than force—if not even revolution.

Geddes is no believer in revolution. As a student of nature and an evolutionist of the first order, he knows the vital changes, to be profitable, come slowly, and in the order of natural growth. He often tries to set the young revolutionist to watch a bulb growing or to observe the buds in spring.

To give him an exact label, he is a biologist—" an obscure professor of botany"—but " he ranges outside the strict limits of his science into the fields of practical sociology, into statistics and economics, the dramatization of history, peace and war, civics and architecture, psychology and ethics, politics, the vexed coal crisis,[1] and most of all with town-planning ; and who shall say that these divergences are outside the field of biology ?"

" One might get the impression," writes an American, " that Professor Geddes is a vigorous institution, rather than a man."

He is difficult to follow, because he escapes customary definition ; because he runs off known lines, hewing new paths of thought ; and he aggravates settled minds all the more by his insistence that thought is not enough, that it is but a call to action.

In any one of the diverse subjects he has mastered and added to, he annoys the specialist in that particular field : reporters of the press at his first demonstration of the Charting of Life (and even at his lectures too, generally) lay down their pens saying," We can't report this stuff." He even eludes the few who try to follow him.

" People want," he once blazed out to me, " to put me into one of their pigeon-holes[2] ; but you see I put most of them into one of mine instead ; namely, into that of the Past ! "

And to a journalist who came to him, demanding an all-inclusive headline by which to describe him, he flared round fixing him with piercing eyes like stilettos:

" Deliver the label means deliver the 'Bunkum!'"[1] he cried. "Am I a Darwinian or a Spencerian, a Ruskinian or Carlylean, an Aristotelian or a Platonist, a Socratean or a Pythagorean, a Buddhist, Hindu, or a Parsee, a Bahaist or a Theosophist, a Jew, a Druid, a Chaldean, or an Egyptian; a Roman Catholic, or any sort of a Protestant, a Deist, Agnostic, a Positivist or an Atheist, a Freudian or a Jungian, a Bergsonian, Nietzschian—or, if you like, a Smithsonian! Am I an Imperialist, or a Home Ruler, a Nationalist or a Sinn Fienner, a Liberal or a Conservative, a Tory or a Revolutionary, a Co-operator or a Socialist, an Anarchist or a Syndicalist, a Tolstoyian or a Bolshevik?—and my answer is, emphatically 'Yes, of course!'"

And then he promptly puts all these labels in his pigeon hole of the Past, with the remark:

"Every man who really and fairly thinks over all these doctrines must go so far with them and see some truth in each. For we are heirs of all the ages, even our own! People are never entirely fools; and there must be some good in all specialisms, some reality somewhere in each one; some vision, some glimpse of fact at least; and I try to find that and profit by it, especially as, in so far as all these types of people are mostly still living (or preserved!) there must be some good in them, h'm? For else they couldn't have survived!"

"My advice to writers is," he added, as he reached for his shabby, out-of-date hat and darted off to keep an appointment with the Governor of Jerusalem, "always steal from everyone. How's that for a headline, eh?"

It was quite like the cricketers "How's that!" His listener was bowled out. Small wonder that the crumpled journalist, like one who has met a whirlwind, collected his scattered notes, and, to do him justice,

went off, scratching his head, to write an article which his editor threw down and which no paper would publish ! For newspapers, too, have their obsolete card indexes : each column in each page is allotted to certain subjects. There is little space in a newspaper for an obscure Dundee professor of botany " who takes all knowledge as his province in order to harness it to life."

To be fair, though, in this last year the press of the world has given space to him and has done its best to form an opinion of him—an opinion unanimously enthusiastic but not one has understood his " Charting of Life." This still baffles the best of them. Only in India has even an effort been made to describe those diagrams, which, to Kipling, seem to suggest the Kabballa.[1]

As time goes on, and in every country, we find these things are, a little at a time, slowly but surely being realized ; and, what is more, applied in phases of everyday life.

But to reach the public at large we next come up against the booksellers and these, too, have their out-of-date catalogue-system,[2] their obsolete card indexes—outside things as they are !

But Bose once said to me of his own books, with characteristic resignation, " My books are read by the few who care for them." And so, little by little the influence of such men spreads like a wireless whisper over the entire world for thought has no frontiers and its progress cannot be for ever stopped by card index boundaries or the apathy of the canned, the preserved, or the pigeon-holed !

Geddes has published some thirty books, including town planning reports, often large ; several books written in coll boration with colleagues—Branford and Arthur Thomson especially. Yet to-day he says he

is no writer, complains of his "life-long silence"—meaning with the pen—and he never has believed very much in the writing of books. He has always written under protest.

For over fifty years he has talked ceaselessly to all and sundry—in Scotland, England, France, Belgium, Germany, Cyprus, Mexico, India, America and Palestine.

From whence comes this marvellous fertility, this almost terrifying flow of energy, this vigorous clarity of thought, this unusual persistence of endeavour, and this unprecedented coupling of thought with action—of Dreams and Deeds ? (for he never rests until he has personally carried a theory to its application in actual life).

What impulse drives him on to this creative fever—this passion for Work—Experience—Ideas—Synthesis ; Folk — Feeling — Emotion — Polity ; Place — Sense—Imagery—Achievement ?

Can the Freudian psycho-analyst account for it by the one word "sublimation" ? Is it the result of environment ? Is it the outcome of heredity ? Can it be labelled as a sport of nature ? Is it all these taken together ?

We come back to wonder if material forces alone can account for one man taking the world in his hands, and, like Michael Angelo with a piece of rough-hewn marble, like Hernandez with an unformed slab of iron-hard Diorite, attempt to reshape it himself till it shall correspond to some vision seen with his mind's eye ?

"I do not know enough to profess the science of God," Geddes said quietly when questioned about religion ; and he would be the last person to allow any analysis of himself to be mixed up with the Church theory of the supernatural—the reality of which he would, however, not take upon himself to deny. "Maybe, maybe...." would be all he would allow himself to

say, for here is his boundary, he is a man of modern science and not a theologian. And since no accurate scientific law has been found to account for the impulse which moves such men, he would simply state, "Science does not know and cannot say."

He once described himself: "I'm an old bull of the herd," with a swift smile and a chuckle, and with the inevitable query at the end, which characterizes so many of his summaries—"H'm ?" and then waiting for his listener's reply. Another time he drew a different self-portrait in a line: "I'm the boy that rings the bell and runs away!" Still, in all this there is something inherited. His father was a long-lived captain in the renowned Royal Highlanders,[1] and "in all Perth there was no man who so arrested and held public estimation and esteem......The very embodiment of a good Soldier of the Master."

There is something of environment in it too, for Geddes' patriotic love of Scotland is akin to Bose's passion for India. Wherever Geddes has been—all over the world—he has taken Scotland with him; and, in his old age, at the meeting place of East and West, at Montpellier, in southern France, he has revived the spirit of that medieval Scots College in Paris, which tradition claims to have helped toward the foundation of the Paris University before Oxford was thought of. In the College des Ecossais, Plan des Quatre Seigneurs, Montpellier, his creative energy and conservative, yet constructive, instinct have again found outlet; and here he has built what must become his own Memorial upon the city's nearest hill.

There is a movement on foot to acquire for British youth for ever this College des Ecossais, into the planning of which Geddes is putting his best educational ideas; and, says Professor Arthur Thomson, he is "the most educative person I have known, the most thought

stimulating man I have ever met—he introduces order into one's thinking, but it is dynamic order. He makes one go on....a maker of intellectual roads, opening up paths of thought and work, giving vistas that last for life."

As a boy, from his very earliest days, he was in a foremost outstanding rank all his own; active alike in mathematics and modern languages, in chemistry and in nature studies, geological and botanical; so above all, a rambler exploring both nature and history over the Perth region.

His father built him a little laboratory and workshop, so he became something alike of chemist and carpenter; a skilled craftsman; he went into the National Bank of Perth for a year and more and learnt something of business and finance. Then he went to the School of Mines in London, as a scientific student, and became an assistant first to Huxley, and then to Schafer and Burdon Sanderson at University College. After that, one university did not satisfy him—he prospected in Oxford and in Cambridge, but was more attracted to Continental Universities. Like a medieval student he has wandered over Europe, discovering for himself the teachers at whose feet he wished to learn; thus he first found his spiritual and intellectual home in the University of Paris, and largely also in the University of Montpellier, which is at once much of Oxford and of Edinburgh for France, and from earliest times, one of the leading schools of medicine in Europe.

Yet his student life was not wholly lived in universities. After working largely at marine zoological stations he went on an expedition to Mexico, digging fossils, searching woods and pools, and rejoicing in natural beauty above all. But, as in many lives, here came the crisis which might have "finished" him; for now he went nearly blind (blindness has been in his family

on his mother's side). "What is a visual to do when he goes blind ? I had to ask myself," he wrote in later life. "One day, feeling over my darkened window-panes" (confined as he was to a dark room for many weeks) "there came the idea—make graphics!"[1]

And from this initial inspiration has gradually come the whole of his Calculus, his Charting of Life, and many other notations, and Paths of Thought; and these have developed into his designs for gardens, universities, cities, and for general regional planning—indeed, his etho-polity[2] itself. Out of the dark comes the light; his eyesight recovered, and he started upon a new life. He has never been more than a part-time professor—for, while teaching in various universities from Edinburgh to Bombay, and, in the interval, for nearly forty years Professor of Botany at University College, Dundee, he always refused the year's appointment income and took only a third of it, preferring thus to limit his income and to profess each year for only one term out of the three—for was not this the price of freedom ? He had the full approval of his life-long and most devoted colleague, Mrs. Geddes. Few men not in possession of a private fortune, could afford to sacrifice two-thirds of their professional income every year, and few wives and children would so cordially accept it ! Yet they managed to provide a delightful, even ideal, home on the top of the Castle Hill in old Edinburgh, and to give to each of their three children an education which fitted them for life. The family was at once free and united, and all were willing that the breadwinner should give up most of his year in the pursuit of ideas and projects in which they had faith.

To his university colleagues, however, he appeared something of a truant—who ran about the world and only returned in summer time. Also—as a rather feared

person who had, with his friend J. Arthur Thomson, as early as 1889 (when the subject was entirely taboo!)[1] published a book on *The Evolution of Sex*—a book, by the way, not yet out of date, as the recent, summarized and developed version of it—*Sex* (Home University Library), and its companions, *Evolutions* and *Biology* by the same authors, will show.

And it is perhaps only natural that "specialized scientists probably look upon Geddes in the same way as his brethren must regard a monk who has left the cloister."[2]

They could not realize that he left the cloister only to carry its gospel into the world, and to return to it periodically for needed refreshment and re-inspiration, bringing with him experience of Work, Folk and Place with which to develop his Ideas, Doctrines, and Images; many of which were next applied in experimental life. To many, of course, his thoughts and theories have seemed mere "Dreams," but these he has used to feed further vision and collate further facts to hurl out into the world of Deeds again. For to him the world is a rotating "swastika"[3] of Acts—Facts—Thoughts—Deeds—each being ineffective, indeed sterile, without the other, for the four are One-in-Life.

So it came about that his books were read, his lectures attended, only by the few, and these sometimes learned men, sometimes simple student women, but with sympathy and insight alike. But—"where two or three are gathered together"—by means of these few it has come about that in well nigh every city and university of the world to-day there are at least one or two sowers of his seed, and it is such sowing which is eventually cumulative and which slowly grows in force. To-day there is scarcely a school or college or even a govern-

ment department, where at least one or two of his ideas are not penetrating—quite anonymously, of course !

A man and his family may economize and sacrifice and treat offers of higher pay for mere ordinary work with contempt—on the quest of the Holy Grail.[1] Yet, for the application of scientific work, money is a necesity. Less fortunate than Bose, there have never been societies or governments offering grants or endowments to Geddes. He has covered too wide an area to appeal, up to now, even to the Rockefeller Foundation.[2] But his work has not lacked its friend ; and the undertakings he has founded or helped to found, still go on ; they have more often needed to be helped financially by himself than able to pay for any work he might do for them—yet, though the pinch has often been severe, the fact remains that his work, however often delayed, has never come to a stop.

Even in the War, his "Cities and Town Planning Exhibition" (the priceless collection of many years) was sunk in the Indian Ocean by the famous "Emden."[3] An artist in New York, who had never seen him, wrote an article about this loss, and called it "The Destruction of the Future." Nothing seemed to be done about it beyond a brief paragraph in one or two London papers, and some of those who know him least said to each other, "This will be the end of Geddes." Yet, within three months, almost anonymously, one here and one there, of those who put their faith in him, managed to form and send out to him in India a new collection, in some ways even superior to the one which war-vandalism[4] had destroyed. His Town Planning Exhibition thus went on, and through the main capital of India.

The thing which did nearly break him was not connected with his work at all, but with his feelings.

Geddes is a man of deep friendships and strong emotions; so of family affection correspondingly.

In a few weeks in 1917 he lost his beloved wife by fever, and their adored eldest son in battle, both in the service of their country. Mrs. Geddes in India, where she was organizing and working with him; Alasdair, after winning the M. C.[1] and the Legion of Honour[2] as "the ace of the balloons"[3] and being spoken of as "the best Observer in the British Army" in France. It was then that the understanding friendship of Sir Jagadish and Lady Bose and other Indian friends, managed to save a man well nigh broken-hearted and crushed. Happily he was with them for the summer at Darjeeling —a glorious place of meditation in the mountains; and gradually, very gradually, Nature and Time did their healing work. Geddes returned to the battlefield of life once more—armed more than ever to combat the ignorance which had destroyed almost all that he loved, more ferocious than before in argument; and, as many could see, with less of physical strength left—yet mentally more determined than ever.

Before, he had been a man with a vocation; now, he became a man with a mission; though even while writing this I fear to bring down his wrath upon my head for using such words.

Someone once called him "genius." "Stuff and nonsense!" he thundered savagely; "I merely work harder than most of you and I daresay," he added with quick forgiveness, "I have more than the average amount of physical health and strength."

There is nothing abnormal about genius, in his opinion, though he will not let the word be applied to himself. "The biggest flower on this rhododendron head," he pointed out to me one day, taking the cluster in his hand gently, "is the most normal flower—the rest are a little sub-normal, that is all;" and left me to

draw my inference as to his suggestion of applying this to society. For he is ever elusive, and he always leaves his friends to draw their own conclusions. You can't pin him down; with his skeleton keys he picks the lock and is gone. "Obviously it is his architectural faculty that has saved him; there stand the places he has built—visible, tangible, delectable; concrete proof that he is no mere visionary." But "he lives at high altitudes and when he lifts his friends up they suffer from mountain sickness."

There seems to be in these pioneers of science an inherent spirit of poetry. Sir Ronald Ross writes his poems and even publishes them; Bose writes and speaks poetic prose; with Geddes all is Drama (is he a Celt for nothing?). But, go to a flower-show with him, and you will find him outstrip the very poets themselves!

All poetry is clearly not in the writing of it.

The best of his writing, where he covers all subjects, from drainage to religion, and from all sciences to most arts, may be found in his *Report to the Durbar of Indore*, which is a masterpiece of concentration and clarity.

"These marvellous volumes constitute a complete Geddesian Gospel, in which the financial and statistical details, while they would satisfy the veriest dry-as-dust, are illumined by a noble idealism to which in turn they give substance: eloquent. .....The overwhelming effect of them is due to this almost unique combination of the practical with the religious....I know of no such transfusion of the practical by the spiritual, strange as it is to come upon it in this professional report of an architect."

Geddes is nothing if not witty and a French writer has compared him, in this, to Bernard Shaw; he is ever twinkling with suppressed fun, and never more so than

when he has to interview officials. His wit is often biting, sometimes bitter but, always scintillating. His mingling of jest with seriousness was best seen when he got an Indian Prince to let him take his place as Maharajah for a day!

This great game, played with royal approval and official sanction, even active help, he now tells of with the highest glee—like a boy describing a prank!

Given full powers and being absolute monarch he staged and himself headed, riding on a richly caparisoned elephant, a great procession, such as the Maharajahs have in India and which, therefore, the masses understand.

But this one was done with a different purpose—a huge joke indeed, but one with the most serious civic endeavour. For by this pageant—a dramatization of nature and citizenship, and thus applied sociology—he undertook to win the people to share in city improvement and rid their city of the plague.

The people have called him, ever after, "The old Sahib who charmed away the plague." He had succeeded, where other methods had failed!

"Patrick Geddes comes like a Crusader....to bring the world out of its dusty pigeon-holes....His talk envelops you like an atmosphere, your mind becomes all windows into the past and windows into the future. Learning and life are no longer divorced, but going hand in hand to complete triumph over the misery and confusion of things.... There are dozens of reputations to-day which owe their inspiration to Geddes, just as there are movements and ideas, unassociated with his name, that truly belong to him."

This is the man who, after the war, was chosen as designer of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and who has also done much town planning for Palestine, at Haifa, Tel-a-viv and Jerusalem.

At times one thinks of him like a shepherd, wrapped in silence on some distant hill, alone with his muse; at other times one pictures him as a chieftain, gathering his scattered clan for the final battle against the confusion of things as they are; and if necessary dying in the fight for things as they scientifically and ideally ought to be!

MILTON.

THAT sanctity which settles on the memory of a great man, ought, upon a double motive, to be vigilantly sustained by his countrymen; first, out of gratitude to him as one column of the national grandeur; secondly, with a practical purpose of transmitting unimpaired to posterity the benefit of ennobling models. High standards of excellence are among the happiest distinctions by which the modern ages of the world have an advantage over earlier, and we are all interested, by duty as well as policy, in preserving them inviolate. To the benefit of this principle none amongst the great men of England is better entitled than Milton, whether as respects his transcendent merit, or the harshness with which his memory has been treated.

John Milton was born in London on the 9th day of December 1608. His father, in early life, had suffered for conscience' sake, having been disinherited upon his adjuring the Popish[1] faith. He pursued the laborious profession of a scrivener,[2] and having realized an ample fortune retired into the country to enjoy it. Educated at Oxford, he gave his son the best education that the age afforded. At first, young Milton had the benefit of a private tutor; from him he was removed to St. Paul's School; next he proceeded to Christ's College; and finally, after several years' preparation by extensive reading, he pursued a course of continental travel. It is to be observed, that his tutor, Thomas Young, was a Puritan, and there is reason to believe

that Puritan politics prevailed among the fellows of his college. This must not be forgotten in speculating on Milton's public life, and his inexorable hostility to the established government in Church and State; for it will thus appear probable, that he was at no time withdrawn from the influence of Puritan connexions.

In 1632, having taken the degree of M.A., Milton finally quitted the University, leaving behind him a very brilliant reputation, and a general goodwill in his own college. His father had now retired from London, and lived upon his own estate at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. In this rural solitude, Milton passed the next five years, resorting to London only at rare intervals, for the purchase of books or music. His time was chiefly occupied with the study of Greek and Roman, and no doubt also of Italian literature. But that he was not negligent of composition, and that he applied himself with great zeal to the culture of his native literature, we have a splendid record in his "Comus," which, upon the strongest presumptions, is ascribed to this period of his life. In the same neighbourhood, and within the same five years, it is believed that he produced also the "Arcades" and the "Lycidas," together with "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

In 1637, Milton's mother died, and in the following year he commenced his travels. The state of Europe confined his choice of ground to France and Italy. The former excited in him but little interest. After a short stay at Paris he pursued the direct route to Nice, where he embarked for Genoa and thence proceeded to Pisa, Florence, Rome and Naples. He originally meant to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece; but the news of the first Scotch war having now reached him, agitated his mind with too much patriotic sympathy to allow of his embarking on a scheme of such uncertain dura-

tion. Yet his homeward movements were not remarkable for expedition. He had already spent two months in Florence and as many in Rome, but he devoted the same space of time to each of them on his return. From Florence he proceeded to Lucca, and thence, by Bologna and Ferrara, to Venice, where he remained one month, and then pursued his homeward route through Verona, Milan, and Geneva.

Sir Henry Wotton had recommended as the rule of his conduct a celebrated Italian proverb, inculcating the policy of reserve and dissimulation. And so far did this old fox carry his refinements of cunning, that even the dissimulation was to be dissembled. *I pensieri stretti* the thoughts being under the closest restraint, nevertheless *il viso sciolto*, the countenance was to be open as the day. From a practised diplomatist this advice was characteristic; but it did not suit the frankness of Milton's manners, nor the nobleness of his mind. He has himself stated to us his own rule of conduct, which was to move no questions of controversy, yet not to evade them when pressed upon him by others. Upon this principle he acted, not without some offence to his associates, nor wholly without danger to himself. But the offence, doubtless, was blended with respect; the danger was passed; and he returned home with all his purposes fulfilled. He had conversed with Galileo; he had seen whatever was most interesting in the monuments of Roman grandeur or the triumphs of Italian art; and he could report with truth, that in spite of his religion, everywhere undissembled, he had been honoured by the attentions of the great and by the compliments of the learned.

After fifteen months of absence, Milton found himself again in London at a crisis of unusual interest. The king was on the eve of his second expedition against

the Scotch; and we may suppose Milton to have been watching the course of events with profound anxiety, not without some anticipation of the patriotic labour which awaited him. Meantime he occupied himself with the education of his sister's two sons; and soon after, by way of obtaining an honourable maintenance, increased the number of his pupils.

Dr. Johnson, himself at one period of his life a schoolmaster, on this occasion indulges in a sneer and a false charge too injurious to be neglected. "Let not our veneration for Milton," says he, "forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performance: on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for their liberty; and when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school." It is not true that Milton had made "great promises," or any promises at all. But if he had made the greatest, his exertions for the next sixteen years nobly redeemed them. In what way did Dr. Johnson expect that his patriotism should be expressed? As a soldier? Milton has himself urged his bodily weakness and intellectual strength, as reasons for following a line of duty ten thousand times nobler. Was he influenced in his choice by fear of military dangers or hardships? Far from it. "For I did not," he says, "shun those evils without engaging to render to my fellow citizens services much more useful, and attended with no less of danger. What services were those? We will state them in his own words, anticipated from an after period: "When I observed that there are in all three modes of liberty—first, ecclesiastical liberty; secondly, civil liberty; thirdly, domestic: having myself already treated of the first, and noticing that the magistrate was taking steps in behalf of the second, I concluded that the third, that is to say,

domestic, or household liberty, remained to me as my peculiar province. And whereas this again is capable of a three-fold subdivision, accordingly as it regards the interests of conjugal life in the first place, or those of education in the second, or finally the freedom of speech, and the right of giving full publication to sound opinions,—I took it upon myself to defend all three, the first, by my 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' the second, my 'Tractate upon Education'; the third, by my 'Areopagitica.'

In 1641, he conducted his defence of ecclesiastical liberty in a series of attacks upon episcopacy. These are written in a spirit of rancorous hostility, for which we find no sufficient apology in Milton's too exclusive converse with a faction of bishop-haters, or even in the alleged low condition of the episcopal bench at that particular era.

At Whitsuntide, in the year 1645, having reached his 35th year, Milton married Mary Powel, a young lady of good extraction, in the county of Oxford. One month after he allowed his wife to visit her family. This permission, in itself somewhat singular, the lady abused; for when summoned back to her home she refused to return. Upon this provocation, Milton set himself seriously to consider the extent of the obligations imposed by the nuptial vow; and soon came to the conclusion, that in point of conscience it was not less dissoluble for hopeless incompatibility of temper than for positive adultery; and that human laws, in so far as they opposed this principle, called for reformation. These views he laid before the public in his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce."

Meantime the lady, whose rash conduct had provoked her husband into these speculations, saw reason to repent of her indiscretion; and finding that Milton held her desertion to have cancelled all claims upon his

justice, wisely resolved upon making her appeal to his generosity. This appeal was not made in vain: in a single interview at the house of a common friend, where she had contrived to surprise him, and suddenly to throw herself at his feet, he granted her a full forgiveness; and so little did he allow himself to remember her misconduct or that of her family in having countenanced her desertion, that soon afterwards, when they were involved in the general ruin of the royal cause, he received the whole of them into his house, and exerted his political influence very freely in their behalf. Fully to appreciate this behaviour, we must recollect that Milton was not rich, and that no part of his wife's marriage portion (£1000) was ever paid to him.

His thoughts now settled upon the subject of education, which it must not be forgotten that he connected systematically with domestic liberty. In 1644, he published his essay on this great theme, in the form of a letter to his friend Hartlib, himself a person of no slight consideration. In the same year he wrote his "Areopagitica: a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing." This we are to consider in the light of an oral pleading or regular oration. It is the finest specimen extant of generous scorn. And very remarkable it is that Milton, who broke the ground on this great theme, has exhausted the arguments which bear upon it. He opened the subject; he closed it. And were there no other monument of his patriotism and his genius, for this alone he would deserve to be held in perpetual veneration. In the following year, 1645, was published the first collection of his early poems; with his sanction, undoubtedly, but probably not upon his suggestion. The times were too full of anxiety to allow of much encouragement to polite literature; at no period were there fewer

readers of poetry. And for himself in particular, with the exception of a few sonnets, it is probable that he composed as little as others read, for the next ten years ; so great were his political exertions.

Early in 1649, the king was put to death. For a full view of the state of parties which led to this memorable event, we must refer the reader to the history of the times. That act was done by the Independent[1] party, to which Milton belonged, and was precipitated by the intrigues of the Presbyterians,[2] who were making common cause with the king, to insure the overthrow of the Independents. The lamentations and outcries of the Presbyterians were long and loud. Under colour of a generous sympathy with the unhappy prince, they mourned for their own political extinction and the triumph of their enemies. This Milton well knew; and to expose the selfishness of their clamours, as well as to disarm their appeals to the popular feeling, he now published his "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates." In the first part of this he addresses himself to the general question of tyrannicide,[3] justifying it, first, by arguments of general reason, and secondly by the authority of the reformers. But in the latter part he argues the case personally, contending that the Presbyterians at least were not entitled to condemn the king's death, who, in levying war and doing battle against the king's person, had done so much that tended to no other result. "If then," is this argument, "in these proceedings against their king, they may not finish, by the usual course of justice, what they have begun, they could not lawfully begin at all." The argument seems inconclusive, even as addressed *ad hominem*[4] ; the struggle bore the character of a war between independent parties, rather than a judicial inquiry, and in war the life of a prisoner becomes sacred.

At this time the Council of State had resolved no longer to employ the language of a rival people in their international concerns, but to use the Latin tongue as a neutral and indifferent instrument. The office of Latin Secretary, therefore, was created, and bestowed upon Milton. His hours from henceforth must have been pretty well occupied by official labours. Yet at this time he undertook a service to the state, more invidious and perhaps more perilous than any in which his politics ever involved him. On the very day of the king's execution, and even below the scaffold, had been sold the earliest copies of a work admirably fitted to shake the new government, and which, for the sensation produced at the time, and the lasting controversy as to its authorship, is one of the most remarkable known in literary history. This was the "Eikon Basilike, or Royal Image," professing to be a series of meditations drawn up by the late king, on the leading events from the very beginning of the national troubles. Appearing at this critical moment, and co-operating with the strong reaction of the public mind, already effected in the king's favour by his violent death, this book produced an impression absolutely unparalleled in that century. Fifty thousand copies, it is asserted, were sold within one year; and a posthumous power was thus given to the king's name by one little book, which exceeded, in alarm to his enemies, all that his armies could accomplish in his lifetime. No remedy could meet the evil in degree. As the only one that seemed fitted to it in kind, Milton drew up a running commentary upon each separate head of the original; and as that had been entitled the king's image, he gave to his own the title of "Eikonoclastes, or Image Breaker," the famous surname of some amongst the Byzantine Caesars, who broke in pieces what they considered superstitious images.

Milton was ere long called to plead the same great cause upon an ampler stage, and before an audience less pre-occupied with hostile views; to plead not on behalf of his party against the Presbyterians and Royalists, but on behalf of his country against the insults of a hired Frenchman, and at the bar of the whole Christian world. Charles II. had resolved to state his father's case to all Europe. This was natural, for very few people on the Continent knew what cause had brought his father to the block, or why he himself was a vagrant exile from his throne. For his advocate he selected Claudius Salmasius, and that was most injudicious. This man, eminent among the scholars of the day, had some brilliant accomplishments, which were useless in such a service, while in those which were really indispensable, he was singularly deficient. He was ignorant of the world, wanting in temper and self-command, conspicuously unfurnished with eloquence, or the accomplishments of a good writer, and not so much as master of a pure Latin style. Even as a scholar he was very unequal; he had committed more important blunders than any man of his age, and being generally hated, had been more frequently exposed than others to the harsh chastisements of men inferior to himself in learning. Yet the most remarkable deficiency of all which Salmasius betrayed, was in his entire ignorance, whether historical or constitutional, of everything which belonged to the case.

Having such an antagonist, inferior to him in all possible qualifications, whether of nature, of art, of situation, it may be supposed that Milton's triumph was absolute. He was now thoroughly indemnified for the poor success of his "Eikonoclastes." In that instance he had the mortification of knowing that all England read and wept over the king's book, whilst

his own reply was scarcely heard of. But here the tables were turned; the very friends of Salmasius complained, that while his defence was rarely inquired after, the answer to it, "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," was the subject of conversation from one end of Europe to the other. It was burnt publicly at Paris and Toulouse; and by way of special annoyance to Salmasius, who lived in Holland, was translated into Dutch.

He had about this time some domestic afflictions, which reminded him of the frail tenure on which all human blessings were held, and the necessity that he should now begin to concentrate his mind upon the great works which he meditated. In 1651 his first wife died, after she had given him three daughters. In that year he had already lost the use of one eye, and was warned by the physicians that if he persisted in his task of replying to Salmasius, he would probably lose the other. The warning was soon accomplished, according to the common account, in 1654; but upon collating his letter to Philaras the Athenian, with his own pathetic statement in the "Defensio Secunda" we are disposed to date it from 1652. In 1655 he resigned his office of secretary, in which he had latterly been obliged to use an assistant.

Some time before this period, he had married his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, to whom it is supposed that he was very tenderly attached. In 1657 she died in child-birth, together with her child, an event which he has recorded in a very beautiful sonnet. This loss, added to his blindness, must have made his home, for some years, desolate and comfortless. Distress, indeed, was now gathering rapidly upon him. The death of Cromwell in the following year, and the unaspiring character of his eldest son, held out an invitation to the ambitious intriguers of

the day, which they were not slow to improve. It soon became too evident to Milton's discernment, that all things were hurrying forward to restoration of the ejected family. Sensible of the risk, therefore, and without much hope, but obeying the summons of his conscience, he wrote a short tract on the ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth, concluding with those noble words, "Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to, but with the prophet, Oh, earth ! earth ! earth ! to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoken should happen (which Thou suffer not, who didst create free, nor Thou next, who didst redeem us from being servants of men) to be the last words of our expiring liberty." Dr. Johnson, with his customary insolence, says, that he kicked when he could strike no longer: more justly it might be said that he held up a solitary hand of protestation on behalf of that cause, now in its expiring struggles, which he had maintained when prosperous; and that, he continued to the last one uniform language, though he now believed resistance to be hopeless, and knew it to be full of peril.

That peril was soon realized. In the spring of 1660, the Restoration was accomplished amidst the tumultuous rejoicings of the people. It was certain that the vengeance of Government would lose no time in marking its victims; for some of them, in anticipation, had already fled. Milton wisely withdrew from the first fury of the persecution, which now descended on his party. He secreted himself in London, and when he returned into the public eye in the winter, found himself no farther punished, than by a general disqualification for the public service, and the disgrace

of a public burning inflicted on his "Eikonoclastes," and his "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano."

Apparently it was not long after this time that he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, a lady of good family in Cheshire. In what year he began the composition of his "Paradise Lost" is not certainly known: some have supposed in 1658. There is better ground for fixing the period of its close. During the plague of 1655, he retired to Chalfont, and at that time Elwood the Quaker read the poem in a finished state. The general interruption of business in London, occasioned by the plague, and prolonged by the Great Fire in 1666, explains why the publication was delayed for nearly two years. The contract with the publisher is dated April 26, 1667, and in the course of that year the "Paradise Lost" was published. Originally it was printed in ten books: in the second and subsequent editions, the seventh and tenth books were each divided into two. Milton received five pounds in the first instance on the publication of the book. His further profits were regulated by the sale of the three first editions. Each was to consist of 1500 copies, and on the second and third respectively reaching a sale of 1300 he was to receive a further sum of five pounds for each making a total of fifteen pounds. The receipt for the second sum of five pounds is dated April 26, 1669.

In 1670, Milton published his *History of Britain* from the fabulous[1] period to the Norman conquest. And in the same year he published, in one volume, "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." The "Paradise Regained," it has been currently asserted that Milton preferred to "Paradise Lost." This is not true; but he may have been justly offended by the false principles on which some of his friends maintained a reasonable opinion. The "Paradise

Regained " is inferior, but only by the necessity of its subject and design, not by less finished composition. The actors being only two, the action of " Paradise Regained " is unavoidably limited. But in respect of composition, it is perhaps more elaborately finished than " Paradise Lost."

His end was now approaching. In the summer of 1674 he was still cheerful and in the possession of his intellectual faculties. But the vigour of his bodily constitution had been silently giving way, through a long course of years, to the ravages of gout.[1] It was at length thoroughly undermined and about the 10th of November 1674 he died with tranquillity so profound that his attendants were unable to determine the exact moment of his decease. He was buried, with unusual marks of honour, in the chancel of St. Giles', at Cripplegate.

JOSEPH LISTER—SURGEON.

In a corner of the north transept[1] of Westminster Abbey, almost lost among the colossal statues of our prime ministers, our judges, and our soldiers, will be found a small group of memorials preserving the illustrious names of Darwin, Lister, Stokes, Adams, and Watt, and reminding us of the great place which science has taken in the progress of the last century. Watt, thanks partly to his successors, may be said to have changed the face of this earth more than any other inhabitant of our isle; but he is of the eighteenth century, and between those who developed his inventions it is not easy to choose a single representative of the age. Stokes and Adams command the admiration of all students of mathematics who can appreciate their genius, but their work makes little appeal to the average man. In Darwin's case no one would dispute his claim to represent worthily the scientists of the age, and his life is a noble object for study, single-hearted as he was in his devotion to truth, persistent as were his efforts in the face of prolonged ill-health. No better instance could be found to show that the highest intellectual genius may be found united with the most endearing qualities of character. Kindly and genial in his home, warmly attached to his friends, devoid of all jealousy of his fellow scientists, he lived to see his name honoured throughout the civilized worlds; and many who are incapable of appreciating his originality of mind can find an inspiring example in the record of his life.

There is no need to make comparisons either of fame, of mental power, or of character; but the choice of Lister may be justified by the fact that his science, the science of Health and Disease, is one of absorbing interest to all men, and that with his career is bound up the history of a movement fraught with grave issues of life and death from which few families have been exempt.

About these issues bitter controversies have raged; but it is to the lesser men that the bitterness is due. By his family traditions, as well as by his natural disposition, Lister was a man of peace; and though he left the Society of Friends[1] at the time of his marriage, he retained a respect for their views which accorded well with his own nature. When he had to speak or write on behalf of what he believed to be the truth, it was from no motive of self-assertion or combativeness. He had the calm contemplative mind of the student, whereas Bright, the Quaker tribune, the champion of Repeal, had all the fervour of the man of action. Lister's family had been Quakers since the beginning of the eighteenth century; and at this time too, they moved from Yorkshire to London, where his grandfather and father were engaged in business as wine merchants. But Joseph Jackson Lister, who married in 1818, and became in 1827 the father of the famous surgeon, was much more than a merchant. He had taught himself the science of optics,[2] had made improvements in the microscope, and had won his way within the sacred portals of the Royal Society.[3] Letters have been preserved which show us how keen his interest in science always remained, and with what full appreciation he entered into the researches which his son was making as professor at Glasgow in the middle of the century. A father like this was not likely to grudge money on the boy's education; but, for the

Friends many avenues to knowledge were still closed, including the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.[1] He had to be content to go successively to Quaker schools at Hitchin and Tottenham, and from the latter to proceed, at the age of seventeen, to University College, London, which was non-sectarian. There the teaching was good, the atmosphere favourable to industry, and Lister was not conscious of hardship in missing the delights of youth that fell to his more fortunate contemporaries.

His father lived in a comfortable house at Upton, some six miles east of London Bridge, in a district now completely swamped by the growth of the vast borough of West Ham. He kept up close relations with other Quaker families living in the neighbourhood, especially the Gurneys of Plashets. In their circle the most striking figure was Elizabeth Fry, who from 1813 to her death in 1843 devoted herself unsparingly to the cause of prison reform. From his home the father continued to exercise a strong influence over his son, who was industrious and serious beyond his years.

From his father Lister learned as a boy to delight in the use of the microscope. He learned also to use his own power of observation, and to make hand and eye work together to minister to his studies. The power of drawing, which the future surgeon thus early developed, stood him in good stead later in life; and it is interesting to contrast his enjoyment of it with the laments made by his great contemporary Darwin, who felt keenly what he lost through his inability to use a pencil and to preserve the record of what he saw in nature or in the laboratory. Lister's schooldays were over when he was seventeen years old and there is nothing remarkable to tell of them; but his period at University College was unusually prolonged. He was a student there for seven years

and continued an eighth year, after he had taken his degree, as Acting House Surgeon. In 1848, half way through his time, a physical breakdown was brought on by overwork, just as he was finishing his general studies ; but a long holiday enabled him to recover his strength, and before the end of the year he had begun the course of medical studies which was to be his life-work.

At school his record had been good but not brilliant, nor did he come quickly to the front in London. His mind was not of the sort which can be forced to produce untimely fruit in the hot-house of examinations. But his education was both extensive and thorough; it formed an excellent general training for the mind and a good basis for the special studies in which he was later to distinguish himself. He had been at University College for two years before he gained his first medal; but by 1850 he had made his name as the best man of his year, capable of upholding the credit of his College against any rival in the metropolis.

But Lister's development was to take place on Scottish ground, and his visit to Edinburgh in 1853 shaped the whole course of his career. James Syme under whose influence he thus came, was the most original and brilliant surgeon then living in the British Isles, perhaps in all Europe. His merits as a lecturer were somewhat overshadowed by his extraordinary skill as an operator ; but he was a remarkable man in all ways, and the fact that Lister was admitted, first to his lecture-room and operating theatre, and then to his home, was without doubt the happiest accident in his life.

The atmosphere of Edinburgh with its large enthusiastic classes in the hospitals, its cultivated and intellectual society outside, supplied just what was

wanted to foster the genius of a young man on the threshold of his career. In London, centres of culture were too widely diffused, indifference and apathy too prevalent, conservatism in principles and methods too strongly entrenched. In his new home in the north Lister could watch the boldest operator in his own profession, and could daily meet men scarcely less distinguished in other sciences, and as a visitor to Syme's house he was from time to time thrown among able men following widely different lines in life. Above all, here he met one who was peculiarly qualified to be his helper; and three years later, at the age of twenty-nine, he was married to Agnes Syme, the daughter of his chief, to whom he had been attracted, as can be seen from the letters which passed between Edinburgh and Upton, soon after his arrival in the north. Before this event, he had already made his mark as Resident House Surgeon, as assistant operator to Syme, and also as an independent lecturer under the liberal system which gave an opening to all who could establish by merit a claim to be heard. He had also begun those researches into the early stages of inflammation[1] which, ten years later, were to bear such wonderful fruit. It was a full and busy life, and the distraction of courtship must have made it impossible for him at times to meet all demands; but after 1856 his mind was set at rest and his strength doubled by the sympathy which his wife showed in his work, and by the help which she was able to render him in writing to his dictation.

For their honeymoon they took a long journey on the continent in the summer of 1856, but half even of this rare holiday, was given to science, and, after some weeks' enjoyment of the beauties of Italy, husband and wife made the tour of German universities, as he was desirous to see something, if possible, of the leading surgeons and the newest methods. Vienna,

Dresden, Berlin, Munich, Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Stuttgart were all included in the tour. They were well received, and at Vienna the most eminent professor of pathology[1] in the University gave more than three hours of his time to showing his museum to Lister, and also invited the young couple to dine at his house. Though he had not yet made a name for himself, Lister's earnestness and intelligence always made a favourable impression ; and as he had taken pains with foreign languages in his youth, he was able now and later in life to address French and German friends, and even public meetings, in their native tongue. He came back to find work waiting for him which would tax his energies to the full. In October 1856 he was elected Assistant Surgeon to the Infirmary, and now, in addition to lecturing, he had to conduct public operations himself, whereas he had hitherto only acted as Syme's assistant. This was at first a severe trial for his nerves. That it affected him differently from most experienced surgeons is shown by the fact that he used always, all his life, to perspire freely when starting to operate ; but he learnt to overcome this nervousness by concentrating his attention on his work.

In view of the exacting demands made on him by the hospital, Lister might have been content to follow the ordinary routine of his profession. With his wife at his side, and friends close at hand, he had every chance of living a useful and happy life. But he still found time to conduct experiments and to think for himself. His researches were continued along the line which he had opened up in 1855 and in 1858 he appeared before Edinburgh Surgical Society to read a paper on "Spontaneous Gangrene."[2] This gave Mrs. Lister an opportunity to show her value. All his life Lister was prone to unpunctuality and to being late with preparations for his addresses, not

because he was indifferent to the convenience of others or careless about the quality of his teaching, but because he became so engrossed in the work of the moment that he could not tear himself away from it so long as any improvement seemed possible. This same quality made him slow over his hospital rounds and often over operations, with the result that his own meal-times were most irregular and his assistants often had trouble to stay the pangs of hunger. This handicapped him in private practice and in some measure as a lecturer. He gave plenty of thought to his subjects, but rarely began to put thoughts in writing sufficiently in advance of his engagement. When he was in time with his written matter the credit was chiefly due to his wife. On the occasion of this paper she wrote for seven hours one day and eight hours the next, and her heroic industry saved the situation.

Towards the end of 1859 Lister decided to be a candidate for the Surgical Professorship at Glasgow, which appointment was in the gift of the Crown ; and in spite of some intrigues to secure the patronage for a local man the post was offered by the Home Secretary, Sir George Lewis, to the young Edinburgh surgeon. Syme's opinion and influence no doubt counted for much. Lister's appointment dated from January 1860, but it was not till a year and a half later that his position in Glasgow was assured by his being elected Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary. Before this he could preach his principles in the lecture-room but he had little influence on the practice of his students and colleagues. Thanks to the reputation which he brought from Edinburgh, his first lecture drew a full room, and his class grew year by year till it reached the unprecedented figure of 182, and each year the enthusiasm seemed to rise. But in the hospital

he had an uphill task, as any one will know who has studied the history of these institutions in the first half of the century.

Glasgow was no more free from these troubles than other great towns ; in fact it suffered more than most of them. With its rapid industrial development it had already in 1860 a population of 390,000. Its streets were narrow, its houses often insanitary. In the haste to make money its citizens had little time to think of air and open spaces. The science of town-planning was unborn. Its hospital, far from having any special advantage of position, was exposed to peculiar dangers. It lay on the edge of the old cathedral graveyard, where the victims of cholera had received promiscuous[1] pit-burial only ten years before. The uppermost tier of a multitude of coffins reached to within a few inches of the surface. These horrors have long been swept away, but when Lister took charge of his wards in the Infirmary, they were infected by the poisonous air generated so close at hand, and in consequence they presented a gruesome appearance. The patients came from streets which often were foul with dirt, smoke, and disease, and were admitted to gloomy airless wards, where pyaemia or gangrene was firmly established. In such an environment certain death seemed to await them. Though his heart must have sunk within him, Lister set himself bravely to the task of fighting these grim adversaries. For two years, indeed, he was chiefly occupied with routine work and practical improvements ; but he continued his speculations, and in 1861 an article on amputations[2] which he contributed to the *System of Surgery*, a large work in four volumes published in London, showed that he had not lost his power of surveying questions broadly and examining them with a fresh and original insight.

As a fact, already, far from his own circle and for

a long while out of his ken, there was working in France the most remarkable scientist of the century, Louis Pasteur, who more than once put this scientific ability at the disposal of a stricken industry, and in his quiet laboratory revived the industrial life of a teeming population. A manufacturer who was confronted with difficulties in making beetroot alcohol and was threatened with financial ruin, appealed for his help in 1856 ; and Pasteur spent years on the study of fermentation, making countless experiments to test the action of the air in the processes of putrefaction, and coming to the conclusion that the oxygen of the air was not responsible for them, as was widely believed. He went further and reached a positive result. He satisfied himself that putrefaction was set up by tiny living organisms carried in the dust of the air, and that the process was due to what we now familiarly term, "germs" or "microbes." The existence of these infinitesimal creatures was known already to scientists, but their importance was not grasped till Pasteur, in the years 1862 to 1864, expounded the results of his long course of studies. When in 1865 Lister first read the papers which Pasteur had been publishing he found the principle for which he had so long been searching, and the rest of his life was spent in applying these principles in his professional work.

With his mind thus fortified by the knowledge of the true source of the mischief, realizing that he had to assist in a battle between the deadly germs carried in the air and the living tissues trying to defend themselves, Lister returned afresh to the study of methods. He knew that he had to reckon with germs in the wound itself, if the skin was broken, with germs on the hands and instruments of the operator, and with germs on the dust in the air. He must find some defensive power which was able to kill the germs, at

least in the first two instances, without exercising an irritating effect on the tissues and weakening their vitality. The relative importance of these various factors in the problem only time and experience could tell him. Carbolic acid had been discovered in 1834 and had already been tried by surgeons with varying results. At Carlisle it had been used by the town authorities to cope with the foul odour of sewage, and Lister visited the town to study its operation. In its cruder form carbolic proved only too liable to irritate a wound and was difficult to dissolve in water. Lister tried solutions of different strengths, and finally arrived, at a form of carbolic acid which proved to be soluble in oil and to have the "antiseptic" force which he desired—that is, to check the process of sepsis or putrefaction inside the wound. He also set himself to devise some "protective" which would enable Nature to do her healing work without further interference from without. Animals have the power to form quickly a natural scab over a wound, which is impermeable and at the same time elastic. The human skin, after a slight wound, in a pure atmosphere, may heal quickly, but a serious wound may continue open for a long time, discharging "pus" at intervals, while decomposition is slowly lowering the vitality of the patient. Lister made numerous experiments with layers of chalk and carbolic oil, with a combination of shellac and gutta-percha, with everything of which he could think, to imitate the work of nature. His inexhaustible patience stood him in good stead in all these practical details. Rivals might speak contemptuously of the "carbolic treatment" and the "putty method" as if he were the vender of a new quack medicine. But at the back of these details was a scientific principle, firmly grasped by one man, while all others were groping in the dark.

It was at Glasgow that Lister made his initial discoveries and conducted his first operation under the new system. It was in the Glasgow Infirmary that he worked cures which roused the astonishment of his students, however incredulous the older generation might be. He had formed a school and was happy in the loyal service and in the enthusiasm of those who worked under him, and he had no desire to leave such a fruitful field of work. But when in 1869 his father-in-law, owing to ill health, resigned his professorship, and a number of Edinburgh students addressed an appeal to Lister to become a candidate for the post, he was strongly drawn towards the city where he had married and spent such happy years. No doubt too he and his wife wished to be near Syme, who lived for fourteen months after his stroke, and to cheer his declining days. Lister was elected in August 1869 and moved to Edinburgh two months later. For a while he took a furnished house, but early in 1870 he made his home in Charlotte Square, from which he had easy access to the gardens between Princess Street and the Castle, "a grand place" for his daily meditations, as he had it all to himself before breakfast. Altogether, Edinburgh was a pleasant change to him and refreshing; and the one man who was likely to stir controversy, Sir James Simpson, died six months after Lister's arrival. Among his fellow professors were men eminent in many lines, perhaps the most striking figures being old Sir Robert Christison of the medical faculty, Geikie the geologist, and Blackie the classical scholar. The hospital was still run on old-fashioned lines; but the staff were devoted to their work, from the head nurse Mrs. Porter, a great "character" whose portrait has been sketched in verse by Henley, to the youngest student; and they were ready to co-operate heartily with the new chief. The

hours of work suited Lister better than those at Glasgow where he had begun with an early morning visit to the Infirmary and had to find time for a daily lecture. Here he limited himself to two lectures a week, visited the hospital at midday, and was able to devote a large amount of time to bacteriological study, which was his chief interest at this time.

In Edinburgh his colleagues, with all their opportunities for learning at first hand, seemed strangely indifferent to Lister's presence in their midst, even when foreigners began to make pilgrimages to the central shrine of antiseptics. The real encouragement which he got came, as before, from his pupils, who thronged his lecture-room to the number of three or four hundred, with sustained enthusiasm.

And so it needed even a greater effort than at Glasgow for Lister to strike his tent and adventure himself on new ground. The professorial chair to which he was invited in 1877 was at King's College, which was relatively a small institution ; its hospital was not up to the Edinburgh standard ; the classes which attended his lectures were small. Owing to an unfortunate incident he was handicapped at the start. When receiving a parting address from seven hundred of his Edinburgh students he made an informal speech in the course of which he compared the conditions of surgical teaching then prevailing at Edinburgh and London, in terms which were not flattering to the southern metropolis. Some comparison was natural in the circumstance ; Lister was not aware that a reporter was present. But his remarks appeared in print, with the result that might be expected. The sting of the criticism lay in its truth, and many London surgeons were only too ready to resent anything which might be said by the new professor. When he had been living some time in

London Lister suceeeded in allaying the ill feeling which resulted; but at first even in his own hospital he was met by coldness and opposition in his attempt to introduce new methods. In fact, had he not laid down definite conditions in accepting the post, he could never have made his way; but he had stipulated for bringing with him some of the men whom he had trained, and he was accompanied by four Edinburgh surgeons, the foremost of whom were John Steward, a Canadian, and Watson Cheyne, the famous operator of the next generation. Even so he found his orders set at naught and his work hampered by a temper which he had never known elsewhere. In some cases the sisters entrenched themselves behind the Secretary's rules and refused to comply, not only with the requests of the new staff, but even with the dictates of common sense and humanity. Another trouble arose over the system of London examinations which tempted the students to reproduce faithfully the views of others and discouraged men from giving time to independent research. Lister's method of lecturing was designed to foster the spirit of inquiry and he would not design to fill his lecture-room by any species of "cramming." Never did his patience, his hopefulness, and his interest in the cause have to submit to greater trials; but the day of victory was at hand.

In 1892 his professional career was drawing to a close. In that year he received the heartiest recognition that France could give to his work, when he went there officially to represent the Royal Society at the Pasteur celebration. A great gathering of scientists and others, presided over by President Carnot, came together at the Sorbonne[1] to honour Pasteur's seventieth birthday. It was a dramatic scene such as our neighbours love, when the two illustrious fellow workers embraced one another in public, and the audience

rose to the occasion. To be acclaimed with Pasteur was to Lister a crowning honour; but a year later fortune dealt him a blow from which he never recovered. His wife, his constant companion and helper was taken ill suddenly at Rapallo on the Italian Riviera and died in a few days; and Lister's life was sadly changed.

He was still considerably before the public for another decade. He did much useful work for the Royal Society, of which he became Foreign Secretary in 1893 and President from 1895 to 1900. He visited Canada and South Africa, received the Freedom of Edinburgh in 1898 and of London in 1907 and in 1897 he received the special honour of a peerage, the only one yet conferred on a medical man.[1] He took an active interest in the discoveries of Koch and Metchnikoff, preserving to an advanced age the capacity for accepting new ideas. He was largely instrumental in founding the Institute of Preventive Medicine now established at Chelsea and called by his name. But his work as a surgeon was completed before death separated him from his truest helper. In 1903 his strength began to fail, and for the last nine years of his life, at London or at Walmer, he was shut off from general society and lived the life of an invalid.

In 1912 he passed away by almost imperceptible degrees, in his home by the sea, and by his own request was buried in the quiet cemetery of West Hampstead where his wife lay. A public service was held in Westminster Abbey, and a portrait medallion there preserves the memory of his features. The patient toil, the even temper, the noble purpose which inspired his life, had achieved their goal—he was a national hero as truly as any statesman or soldier of his generation; and if, according to his nature, he wished his body to lie in a humble grave, he deserved full well to have his name preserved and honoured in our most sacred national shrine.

NOTES

JOHN HAMPDEN.

Page 1.

1. **the Red Rose**, the badge of the Lancastrian party in the Wars of the Roses.

2. **the celebrated man.** Oliver Cromwell.

Page 3.

1. **the sale of boroughs in our times**, this was written before the Reform Bill abolished the "rotten borough" system, under which votes and seats for Parliament were openly bought and sold.

2. **Puritans**, ultra-Protestant party; very strict in religion and morals.

Page 5.

1. **burgess**, a member elected by a borough, as opposed to a county member elected by the shire.

2. **impeached**, a system of trial of a political prisoner in which the Commons act as accusers and the Lords as Judges.

3. **tonnage and poundage**, a tax levied on goods entering the country.

Page 6.

1. **to billet no more soldiers on the people**, Charles's method of providing for his troops was to compel people to quarter and feed them in their houses.

2. **prorogued**, adjourned.

3. **committed**, committed to prison.

Page 8.

1. **numbered**, paid.

2. **the Holy Office**, the Inquisition, or Catholic Court set up to try heretics and unbelievers and to punish them by death, torture or imprisonment.

Page 11.

1. **Covenanters**, a Scottish Protestant party sworn to support their religion against the attempt of the king to introduce the Anglican form of church government.

Page 18.

1. **prerogative**, the limited power that a king may use without consulting his ministers or parliament.

Page 20.

1. **bravoes**, ruffians, armed followers who are prepared even to commit murder.

Page 21.

1. **trainbands**, militia troops composed of citizens who drill and are armed for service in case of need—corresponding to the modern Territorial Forces.

Page 24.

1. "**Vestigia nulla retrosum**," "I retrace no step."

Page 25.

1. **annoyed**, raided.

Page 28.

1. **a rugged and clownish soldier**, Oliver Cromwell.
2. **cuirassiers**, heavy cavalry who wore a cuirass, or metal breast-plate as armour over their coats.

WILLIAM PITT, THE YOUNGER.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Biographical Note. Thomas Carlyle, one of the great literary figures of last century, was born in Scotland, but later migrated to London, where he settled. Early in life he gave himself up to history and writing. His best known works are '*Sartor Resartus*,' a philosophical satirical parable, and the historical studies, *Frederick the Great* and *The French Revolution*. This extract was first published in the *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia*.

NOTES.

Page 31.

1. **unmarked**, unnoticed, unobserved.
2. **declaim**, to make a speech.

Page 32.

1. "**Now**," about 1840.

Page 33.

1. stupidity, in this sense, restraint of desire for deeper study.

2. chalked out, marked out, outlined. Artists, before painting a picture, normally mark out the outlines in charcoal or chalk.

3. completed his terms, completed his course of study.

4. counsellor, barrister, advocate.

5. followed the Court. In the country districts of England the Assizes, or Sessions Judges tour an area known as a "circuit," trying cases in all the larger centres. A lawyer, on qualifying, chooses to practice in one circuit or another and he accompanies the judge from town to town, being prepared to take up any case offered to him. Quite a number of barristers usually attended each circuit. Well-known lawyers obtained many briefs, young inexperienced ones sometimes none at all, or at the best, very minor ones. The "briefless barrister" is no new creature.

6. interest. In this sense, powerful influence. Before the Reform Bill very few people had the right to vote, and elections were often in the hands of powerful land-owners and lords, or, in the Universities, Doctors and Masters of Arts. Without the support of such 'interests' it was impossible to secure election.

7. without coming to a poll. He retired before the election. The word *poll* means a head. In the old days, before the introduction of the secret ballot, electors appeared publicly and voted for one candidate or the other, their 'heads' being counted.

Page 34.

1. Civil List. The annual grant made to the King and the royal family for their support, households, the upkeep of palaces etc. Burke wished to economize on this expenditure of public money. He proposed a 'cut' in the King's salary.

2. dubious, doubtful, uncertain.

3. last, in this sense, latest.

4. perspicuity, clear foresight.

Page 35.

1. prodigy, great talent at a youthful age.

Page 36.

1. Chancellor of the Exchequer, Finance and Revenue Minister—one of the most important posts in the Cabinet.

Page 37.

1. went out, resigned his office.

2. First Lord of the Treasury, an office usually held by the Prime Minister. There is little or no work attached to it for the "First Lord" and this leaves him free to carry on his duties as Head of the Government.

Page 38.

1. prerogative, the reserved powers of the King which he can exercise without consulting his ministers or Parliament. This nominally includes the calling and proroguing of Parliament, the granting of commissions in the Army and Navy and the conferring of honours. Nowadays the ministers are responsible for carrying out all these functions.

2. thrown out, rejected by vote.

3. motions on which he divided the house, the word 'divided' is here used in a special sense. When a motion is put to a House of Parliament the Speaker, or President of the House, puts the question with the words, "All those in favour say, '*Aye*,' all those against, '*No*'. "Members then declare Aye or No, and the Speaker announces the result: "The Ayes have it." If no objection is made the motion is declared to be carried 'on the voices.' Any member, however, who feels dissatisfied with the decision may demand a 'Division of the House'. This must be granted. In the House of Commons there are two rooms, called Division Lobbies, behind the Speaker's Chair, that on the right of the Chair is the 'Aye' Lobby, that on the left the 'No.' When a Division is called, bells are rung for three minutes in all parts of the building and members who may be absent from the Chamber can hurry to it, if they wish to vote. At the end of three minutes the doors are locked. 'Tellers' or counters, are appointed, usually two from each side, and members file one by one into either the 'Aye' or 'No' lobby. The tellers stand at the doors and count them as they go in. When all are in, the tellers check their figures, and the members return to the chamber. The tellers then report to the Speaker the result of the division; and he announces it to the House. Divisions as a rule are only

held on important matters or when the parties are very even in numbers and the voting is doubtful. Matters of little importance are generally decided 'on the voices.' In the House of Lords, the peers are called by title, in order of seniority, Dukes, Marquises Earls, Viscounts and Barons, and, rising in their places vote 'Aye' or 'No.'

4. **versatility,** all round ability.

5. **dexterity,** cleverness.

Page 39.

1. **rectitude,** honesty, uprightness.

2. **circumspectness,** carefulness, caution.

3. **innovation,** the introduction of new and untried things.

4. **apostasy,** betrayal of cause, turning one's coat and joining the other side ; in religion, conversion to an antagonistic faith.

Page 40.

1. **stability,** firm foundation.

2. **Cabinet questions**, matters which are discussed in the Cabinet, or meeting of ministers, with a view to making them 'Government measures.' Such questions sometimes cause a serious difference of opinion among the ministers and may lead to resignations and the downfall of the ministry. In controversial matters, Pitt left his ministers and party free to vote as they wished.

3. **censures,** blame, adverse criticism.

4. **the repeal of the Test Act**, the Test Act was aimed against the Roman Catholics, to prevent them obtaining power, in the state. No man could become a member of Parliament, a minister, or an officer in Army or Navy, unless he passed a 'Test' to prove that he was a member of the Protestant Church of England. The Act has long since been repealed.

5. **bigotry**, religious intolerance.

Page 41.

1. **Collecting the revenue**, seeing that taxes, duties, etc., were promptly and honestly paid and accounted for.

2. **contraband trade**, smuggling. When heavy duties are placed on goods coming into a country it becomes a profitable trade to smuggle the goods in secretly and avoid paying the duty. Pitt reorganized the customs houses and the coast-guards and

introduced a body of men called 'Preventive Officers' to trace, pursue and arrest smugglers on sea and land.

3. **probity**, honesty.

4. **that awful malady.** During his later years George III. suffered from recurring fits of insanity.

5. **with as many**, with as many limitations as possible, to prevent the Prince Regent from becoming too powerful at the expense of the King and the ministry.

Page 42.

1. **countenanced**, supported.

2. **irreparable breach**, a severing of friendship and co-operation that could never be repaired.

3. **arbitrary monarchs**, despotic sovereigns who retained all power in their own hands.

4. **disseminators**, spreaders.

5. **coercion**, force.

Page 43.

1. **clamorous**, noisy ; openly expressing their opinions.

2. **Habeas Corpus Act**, a very ancient enactment guaranteeing the liberty of the subject. It provides that no man may be arrested and imprisoned unless he is produced before a magistrate within a limited time after his arrest. The authorities must produce enough evidence to satisfy the magistrate that there is reasonable ground to believe that the prisoner has committed some crime or offence. If the magistrate is so satisfied he may release the prisoner on bail, or commit him to prison to await his trial before a lawfully constituted court. If there were no 'Habeas Corpus' Act, ministers could sign an order for arrest and keep a man in prison without trial for an indefinite period. In times of national emergency Parliament can suspend the Act to permit the authorities to deal with seditious persons and political criminals without the delay consequent upon an appeal to the ordinary courts.

3. **'At home,'** in Ireland.

4. **united that kingdom to our own.** Before that date, Ireland had a separate parliament. Pitt abolished this and Irish members were admitted to the British Parliament at Westminster.

5. **"the pilot that weathered the storm,"** who brought the ship of state safely through great troubles.

Page 44.

1. the Peace of Amiens, the treaty signed at Amiens in France, that ended, for a short time, the war between England and France.

2. the battle of Austerlitz, one of Napoleon's most famous victories—1805.

3. Bath, a fashionable health-resort in the west of England.

4. gout, a troublesome disease causing great pain and swelling of the limbs.

5. somewhat exuberant convivial habits. Pitt was fond of feasting and drinking. Over-indulgence is liable to bring on gout.

Page 45.

1. exercises of devotion, prayer and worship.

2. 40,000*l*. £40,000.

Page 46.

1. sterling, genuine.

2. vehement, earnest, heated, almost violent.

3. lucid, clear.

Page 47.

1. vicissitudes, sudden changes of fortune.

2. the opinions of our first age cease to be those of our last. Young men are usually more advanced and unrestrained in their opinions than their elders. As they experience more and more the responsibilities of life and office they become more cautious and conservative. The ardent reformer of twenty is often a 'die-hard' Tory at sixty.

3. ardent innovator, eager introducer of new ideas.

4. wary minister, cautious statesman, who sees the dangers of reckless innovation.

5. aggrandizement, self-seeking, raising oneself to positions of importance and splendour. Pitt could easily have obtained wealth, lands and titles had he wished. He died plain "Mr. Pitt," a comparatively poor man.

6. Oxenstierns—Colberts—, famous ministers on the continent of Europe.

JOHN BRIGHT—TRIBUNE.

Page 49.

1. satellites, dependents, flatterers ; those whose only light is derived from their master as the moon shines with the reflected light of the sun.

2. plebs, the common people of Rome. The Roman state had two great bodies : the *Patricians* who were aristocrats descended from the original settlers of Rome, and the *Plebeians*, or Plebe,the great mass of the population, derived from later mixed settlers, freed slaves and the aboriginal Latin tribes. The Patricians kept most of the political power in their own hands, but the Plebs had the Tribune to represent them and secure justice.

Page 50.

1. Quakers, a very strict Puritan sect, who, as a matter of conscience refused to carry arms or take any part in war. They wear plain, dark clothes, dislike music, dancing and games and speak the Biblical language, using the archaic 'thou' and 'thee .

2. warp and weft, the lengthwise and crosswise thread used in weaving cloth.

Page 53.

1. common, an open area of common land available to all people for grazing animals, playing games, etc.

2. the Corn Laws, laws which placed a tax and other restrictions on imported wheat and food-stuffs. They were designed to benefit the farmer by keeping up prices, but they resulted in high prices of bread for the poor and consequent distress.

Page 54.

1. a radical cure, one which goes to the root of the trouble, from the Latin ' Radex '=a root.

Page 55.

1. Peterloo riots, popular riots, which broke out among the poor and starving of Manchester. Troops were used to suppress them and many were killed. These riots are known as the ' Battle of Peterloo.'

Page 56.

1. mite, the smallest coin.

2. the Game Laws, laws which protected the rights of

landowners to game-birds, rabbits, etc., on his land. Peaching or unauthorized shooting or trapping, was rigorously punished. The land-owners themselves were usually the magistrates.

Page 57.

1. **Tory,** the die-hard conservative.
2. **In this book**, the book from which this extract is taken.
3. **carping,** criticizing, blaming.

Page 58.

1. **coercive,** the using of force to compel obedience in political disputes.

Page 59.

1, **the War of Secession,** often called the American Civil War of 1861-65. A number of the Southern States seceded, or broke away, from the Union and set up an independent nation called the Confederate States of America. The Northern States, under the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln, declared the Southerners to be rebels and war broke out. The Northerners won after four years' very severe fighting and the Union was restored.

Page 60.

1. **an absentee aristocracy.** Many of the great Irish landowners lived nearly all the time in England, and left their affairs in the hands of an agent who had to collect the rents and account for the money to the absent owner. Naturally this system led to abuses.

2. **disestablishment of the Church in Ireland,** the great majority of the Irish people were, and are, Roman Caholics, but the Established Church in Ireland was Protestant, following precisely the model of the Church of England. It was supported out of taxes paid by the people generally, who were thus compelled to pay for a Church which they did not believe in and never attended, as well as for their own Catholic churches. The Church of Ireland has long been disestablished, that is, it is no longer recognized as the state church and receives no support from public funds.

Page 61.

1. **Nadir**, the lowest point.
2. **balance of power,** arrangement of alliances in Europe, in war or peace, to prevent any one nation from becoming too powerful and a menace to its neighbours.

3. **imputations,** accusations.

Page 62.

1. **Napoleon**, Napoleon III., grand-nephew of the great Napoleon.

Page 63.

1. **General Lee**, Robert E. Lee, Commanding the Confederate, or Southern forces in the American Civil War. After winning a number of brilliant victories he was finally worn down by the superior numbers of the northerners, led by General Grant. He was forced to surrender the remnants of his army to Grant at Appomattox Court House in Virginia. This practically ended the war.

Page 64.

1. **could trim his sails to any wind**, could take advantage of changes of political opinion.

2. **household suffrage,** the giving of the vote to owners or occupiers of a house of a certain value or rental.

Page 65.

1. **Shunammite woman,** a character in the Old Testament of the Bible.

2. **gold-braided livery**, the Cabinet Ministers' official uniform.

BISMARCK.

Page 69.

1. **mastiffs.** large, powerful dogs.

Page 71.

1. **monomaniac**, one who has a mania on one point alone—a not uncommon type of partial insanity.

2. **primum mobile,** first, or primal, motive power.

3. **parvenu**, one who has raised himself to wealth or position from a humble origin, often despised by people of birth or inherited wealth.

Page 72.

1. **homo politicus,** the political type of man

2. **diet,** a parliament or popular assembly.

Page 73.

1. **misanthrope,** a cynic, one who despises his fellow-men.

2. **red flag,** the badge of violent revolutionaries.

Page 74.

1. **Young Freddy,** Frederick the Great of Prussia.

2. **Herr Junker,** the Junkers were the Prussian squires or influential landowners, ultra-conservatives and militarists.

3. **Hohenzollern,** the family name of the German Emperors.

Page 75.

1. **nihilism,** the anarchical doctrine of destruction.

Page 77.

1. **dilapidated,** ruinous, falling to pieces.

Page 78.

1. **founded at Versailles.** The separate German states were welded into the German Empire during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-72. The King of Prussia was recognized as German Emperor in the palace of Versailles near Paris.

2. **the last three Emperors of Europe,** the Czar of Russia, murdered by the Bolshevists; the German Kaiser, exiled to Holland; the Austro-Hungarian Emperor, died in exile.

3. **twenty-two German Dynasties,** the German Empire was made up of a number of states, each with its own ruling family. They ranged from important kingdoms such as Prussia, Saxony and Bavaria to tiny duchies of only a few square miles in area. All these Kings and Grand Dukes lost their thrones as a result of the Great War.

4. **Nikolsburg,** where peace was made after the defeat of Austria in the Austro-German war.

Page 79.

1. **antinomy,** opposite or contrary.

Page 80.

1. **Wotan,** in pre-Christian days, the chief of the German gods.

DIZZY

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Biographical Note. Lytton Strachey (1880—1932) was a brilliant essayist, critic and biographer. His manner is very acid, indeed almost merciless. In biography he was a leader of the

modern school of 'debunkers.' 'Bunk' is an Americanism implying the exaggeration of a man's virtues and the glossing over of his shortcomings, or, more broadly, 'bunk' is anything which is pleasing but untrue, or if not wholly untrue, at least not the whole truth. Many biographies of great personages are like this. The biographer has a tendency to make his hero more heroic than he really was. To 'debunk' therefore means to tell the story of a man's life as truthfully as possible, stressing his defects of character as well as his virtues and talents. The dangers of this method are obvious ; there is a temptation to over-emphasize the weaknesses at the expense of the virtues.

Lytton Strachey's best known works are *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria*. The extract given below is a review of a biography entitled, *The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Earl of Beaconsfield* by Buckle and Monypenny.

General Note. Benjamin Disraeli, nicknamed 'Dizzy,' a Christianized Jew, entered Parliament at an early age and eventually became Prime Minister of England. He led the Tory party in the House of Commons, until, near the end of his life, he was raised to the peerage as the Earl of Beaconsfield and took his seat in the House of Lords. His great opponent was Gladstone, the Liberal leader. Disraeli was at first despised and laughed at for his flamboyancy of dress and address, but beneath his absurd exterior he had deep and lasting qualities of greatness. He was able to overcome the prejudice against him and was a great favourite with Queen Victoria whom he was able to 'manage' by a mixture of flattery and sound advice. Disraeli was an ardent Imperialist, and one of his greatest services to the Empire was the unauthorized purchase of the shares in the Suez Canal owned by the Khedive of Egypt. The possession of these shares have ever since given Great Britain that control of the canal which is essential to the safety of Empire communications. In this transaction it was inadvisable to consult Parliament beforehand, as, if other European countries discovered what was about to happen, they might have taken steps to prevent the sale and the dispute may even have brought about a war. Disraeli therefore bought the shares first and asked the sanction of Parliament afterwards.

Disraeli was a great Prime Minister, and in this review Lytton Strachey gives us a glimpse of the other side of the picture.

NOTES.

Page 81.

1. the absurd Jew boy. Disraeli's father was a Jew converted to Christianity. Disraeli was born a Christian, but he was a Jew by race, and in dress and manner was rather Oriental than European.

2. four volumes, of the *Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield* by Buckle and Monypenny.

3. efflorescent Dizzy, flowery, over-ornamental. 'Dizzy' is a nickname derived from Disraeli.

4. Knight of the Garter. The Order of the Garter is the highest honour obtainable in the British Empire, and perhaps, as such honours go, in the world. The number of knights is limited, and they include the king, members of the royal family and one or two foreign monarchs as 'honorary' knights. The remainder are very carefully chosen from those who have done outstanding service to England or the Empire. The knights, in full dress, wear a blue garter below the left knee on which is embroidered in gold the motto of the order : "*Honi soit qui maly pense*,"—" Evil be to him who thinks evil."

5. internecine internal quarrels, disputes among members of the same family, tribe, committee, etc.

6. peripeteia, from the Greek, the unravelling of a plot, following the course of complicated proceedings.

7. palpitating, exciting, breathless, making the heart beat faster.

Page 82.

1. mummy-like inscrutability. When a person's face gives no sign of expression and no indication of what he is thinking his face is said to be inscrutable or unreadable. A mummy is the preserved body of an ancient Egyptian notable. Such bodies are still to be found in tombs in Egypt. They preserve some slight appearance of life, but, not being able to think it is impossible to say what they are thinking about.

2. asthma, a disease, or complaint of the lungs, causing difficulty in breathing.

3. dyed and corseted. Disraeli dyed his hair to make himself look more youthful. He also wore corsets, such as ladies

wear to make his figure neat and presentable—a strange vanity still indulged in by some.

4. **bandana**, a large, square, coloured silk used as a handkerchief and sometimes tied round the head as a temporary head-dress.

5. **snobbery**, feeling of social superiority; condescension to people who, though they may be one's equal in intelligence and character, lack the advantages of wealth, birth or social precedence. Pretence of superiority.

6. **septuagenarian**, one of seventy years of age or more between seventy and eighty.

Page 83.

1. **latent**, lying in reserve ; suggested, but not clearly disclosed.

2. **The gorgeous sphinx seemed to ring hollow.** The sphinx was a favourite figure among the ancient Egyptians, who carved it in stone near the entrances of their temples. It had the body of a lion and the head of a woman. The great sphinx, near Cairo, is an enormous piece of sculpture. The expression of the face is inscrutable. It appears to be wise and meditative, but no man can tell what it is supposed to be thinking about. It is of solid stone. In some respects our author implies that Disraeli was as deep and inscrutable as the sphinx but one that was made of hollow metal and not solid material.

3. **paraphernalia**, trappings, outward shows and ornaments.

4. **"Endymion,"** As a young man Disraeli wrote novels. One of these was called *Endymion.*

5. **"The Young Visiters."** A very naive and amusing book reputed to have been written by a little girl but published through the good offices of Sir James Barrie, the famous Scotch novelist and dramatist. The mis-spelling is intentional.

6. **the Great King**, Solomon, King of Israel.

7. **approbation**, approval. Disraeli was a great favourite with the Queen.

8. **culmination**, the highest point attained.

9. **rococo futilities**, cheap, flashy and useless trifles.

10. **simulacrum**, image or shadowy likeness.

Page 84.

1. **cynicism.** A cynic is one who sees little good in mankind and looks always for unworthy motives in actions that on the surface are fine and noble.

2. **ambiguous**, having two possible meanings, making it impossible to tell which is the true one.

It can be claimed for Disraeli that he was a capable, high-minded statesman, or that he was a vain-glorious self-seeker. It is difficult to say which estimate is the more accurate.

3. **apogee**, the farthest point.

4. "**Condition de l'homme—inconstance, ennui, inquietude,**" a quotation from the French, meaning: "The condition of man's life is lack of constancy, boredom and disquiet."

5. **painted paste-board scene**, the trappings and trimming of Disraeli's life were as insubstantial as painted scenery of a theatre.

6. **seats in wings.** If one sits at the side of the stage in the theatre, called the 'wings' one can see the artificial nature of the scenery as well as the performance of the actor on the stage.

7. **Le dernier acte est sanglant........pour jamais,** again quoted from the French : "The last act (of man's life) is tragic, no matter how fine the comedy in all the rest. At the last the earth is thrown upon his head, and it is there for ever."

BONAR LAW.

Page 85.

1. **in opposition to which they died.............. in a network of last ditches.** The "Die-hards," or ultra-Conservatives, are supposed to be opposed to all reform. They asserted that they would "fight to the last ditch." They were defeated and "died" as a political power.

Page 86.

1. **fiscal controversy**, the fight over the problems of taxation and duties.

2. **Quarter Sessions geniality**, the Quarter Sessions are a court of Senior Magistrates meeting quarterly. Some Magistrates, like Mr. Walter Long, were accused of trying to court popularity by their genial manner on the bench.

Page 87.

1. **connotations**, few matters of controversial importance were noted in connection with his name.

2. **proh pudor**. Oh! for shame!

3. **the Arthurian quest**, Arthur Balfour used to lounge in his seat in the Commons, his feet resting on the despatch box on the table and his hands constantly gripping the lapels of his coat. Mr. Bonar Law's hands never sought his lapels, therefore he was a different kind of Prime Minister!

4. **acrimonious opposition**, bitter, heated opposition to the policy of the Government.

5. **to sound almost treble to Sir Edward Carson's bass.** In music there are two tones of sound—the higher, thinner notes being the treble and the deeper, more resonant notes the bass. Bonar Law's speeches were like the treble notes in a composition, Carson's more resounding attacks, the bass.

Page 88.

1. **on the Brocken**, the Brocken is a mountain in Europe where a curious atmospheric phenomenon casts an enormous shadow of the spectator on a bank of mist making his figure seem gigantic.

Page 89.

1. **Ministry of All the Talents**, a government formed during the crisis of the Great War, so called because the leaders of all the parties joined together and agreed to take office in the same ministry, dropping all party disagreements for the time being.

2. **that singular team**, the Coalition Ministry.

3. **Eleusinian**, a mystic cult of ancient Greece whose secrets were very carefully preserved.

4. **unproved lode**, a mining term denoting a lode, or reef of mineral-bearing rock which has not been properly tested.

Page 90.

1. **men of push and go**, men of energy and self-confidence.

2. **The College of Heralds**, the institution in London which grants Coats-of-Arms and titles of nobility to those whom the King delights to honour. Politicians upon retirement are frequently granted honours.

Page 91.

1. **by making screws**, the Chamberlain family were hardware manufacturers in Birmingham.

2. **Sieges-Allee**, a covered way leading the attackers to the walls of a fortress.

SIR HUMFREY GILBERT.

J. A. Froude.

Biographical Note. James Anthony Froude was an historian and historical essayist of the Victorian Age. He was a very learned scholar and endeavoured to infuse life and interest into the dry and dusty facts of history. His chief works include *The History of England (from the Fall of Wolsey to the Spanish Armada)*, *The Story of the Spanish Armada*, *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century* and *Oceana.* The following essay is taken from *Selections from the writings of James Anthony Froude*, by P. S. Allen.

General Note. Sir Humfrey Gilbert, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, was one of the great navigators of the Elizabethan Age, an age teeming with great soldiers, sailors, explorers, as well as poets, dramatists and scholarly gentlemen. Gilbert ranks with the Great Elizabethans : Sidney, Raleigh, Frobisher, Drake, Grenville, Davis. He fought with distinction as a soldier in Ireland, made a deep study of the sciences of Geography and Navigation, and set out on an expedition to discover a passage to China and India *via* the north-west of North America. Such a passage exists but as it is blocked with ice for practically the whole year it is useless for navigation. On this voyage Gilbert founded Britain's first overseas colony, Newfoundland. He was drowned on the return voyage.

NOTES.

Page 93.

1. **reaches,** a long straight stretch of a river, or estuary is called a *reach.*

2. **the largest vessels may ride.** An anchored ship is said to *ride to her anchor.* A good anchorage should have a sufficient depth of water, good holding ground on the bottom for the anchor, protection from storms and not too much tide or current.

3. **within a stone's throw,** within a short distance; the distance that one may throw a stone.

4. **the quaint figure-heads and carved prows,** the prows, or bows of a ship are the sharp curves in front that enter the water. They are usually carved and ornamented. The figure-head is a carved figure, human or of some animal or creature symbolical of the name of the ship. It is placed at the top of the prow beneath the bowsprit.

5. **the new earth beyond the sunset,** the newly discovered lands of America, far away to the west.

6. **where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco,** after a voyage to Virginia, Raleigh, brought back some tobacco, which he had seen the Red Indians smoke. An apocryphal story is told that when his servant saw Raleigh smoking he thought he was on fire and threw a bucket of water over him.

Page 94.

1. **John Davis,** British navigator and Arctic explorer. Davis Straits are named after him.

2. **Naval sea cards whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness.** 'Sea-cards' mean charts, or navigation maps. The earth is a sphere and the meridians of longitude meet at the poles and are widest apart at the equator. They are not parallel. Lines of latitude are parallel. A fault of early map-makers was to draw the meridians parallel, instead of curving them in to a point at each pole. This meant that countries in the far north were represented as enormously bigger than they really were.

3. **a north-west passage,** around north America to Japan, China and India.

4. **wildest conjectures,** wild guesses.

5. **primum mobile.** An old system of astronomy taught that the heavenly bodies moved round the earth in concentric rings, of which the outer one was the "prime-mover," imparting motion to all the rest. In a similar way Gilbert argued that the rotation of the earth caused the movement of ocean currents and deduced the existence of a sea-way to the north and south of every continent to allow the currents to circulate.

6. **to the South,** to the south of Magellan Straits is the island of Tierra del Fuego. Early navigators believed it extended to the Pole.

Page 95.

1. **the coloured clothes,** "clothes" here mean cloths or hangings.

2. **mislike with me,** criticize or blame me.

3. **mutare vel timere sperno,** Latin. "I scorn to change or to fear."

4. **mutilated** damaged, rendered ineffective.

5. **take possession from latitude 45° to 50° north,** that is, the parts of North America lying between those degrees of latitude.

6. **the first English colony west of the Atlantic,** the island of Newfoundland.

Page 96.

1. **We will hope..........temporary eclipse.** The writer was disappointed at losing money in the expedition and is therefore unfair to Gilbert. Let us hope he afterwards altered his opinion.

2. **Land's End,** the extreme western point of Cornwall.

3. **from Cowes to the Channel Islands,** a comparatively short and safe voyage in the English Channel.

4. **May-like conceits,** amusements or toys suitable for the spring-time games usually held on May 1st.

Page 97.

1. **the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World.** When a city or fortress had to be stormed, a comparatively small party of men were ordered to make the first attack on the gates or breach and fight a way through to open a way for the main body of storm troops

who followed up. This party was called the "forlorn hope" as there was little prospect of them succeeding in their object without heavy losses. Similarly explorers in new countries are the forlorn hope who, at great personal risk, open the way for those who come after.

2. **battell and ringing of doleful knell.** "Battell" here means ringing or banging. A knell is the solemn tolling of a bell to betoken death.

3. **a very lion to our seeming**, probably a great seal or sea-lion.

4. **the General**, the commander of the expedition.

5. **Bonum omen**, a good omen or sign.

Page 98.

1. **sublimate it**, explain it away.

2. **apocryphal**, of doubtful authenticity.

3. **gold mines richer than California,** the wealth that can be produced from agriculture is greater in the long run than that from mining.

Page 99.

1. **breaking short and pyramid-wise,** the waves were very high and steep, like triangular sided pyramids, and were very dangerous for small vessels.

2. **cast away,** foundered, sunk to the bottom.

3. **crosses,** trials, difficulties.

Page 100.

1. **won his spurs in Ireland,** gained honours as a soldier in Ireland. Knights were allowed to wear gilt spurs, and a man who gains this honour is said to have 'won his spurs.'

2. **ruthlessness,** pitilessness, merciless firmness.

3. **Chequered......light and darkness.** All mortal men are compounded of good and evil as a chess-board is chequered in black and white.

EARL ST. VINCENT.

Page 101.

1. **autobiographer,** one who writes his own biography, or the account of his life.

2. **O. S.,** Old Style. During the 18th century the Calendar in use was found to be incorrect and was corrected. Dates of events prior to the alteration were called 'Old Style.'

3. **coach-box,** the driver's seat.

Page 102.

1. **the northern circuit,** Assize judges held their sessions within a particular district called a 'circuit.' The judges and lawyers toured the circuit, holding the assizes in various towns in turn.

2. **on his quarter-deck,** *i. e.,* as a midshipman or gentleman-cadet. The quarter deck is the part of the ship reserved for officers.

Page 103.

1. **dirk,** a short sword worn by cadets and midshipmen.

2. **ticking,** the outer cotton covering of the mattress.

Page 104.

1. **Jervis,** the family name of Lord St. Vincent.

2. **presentiment,** foreboding, premonition.

Page 105.

1. **this present time,** this was written before the American Civil War of 1861-65, which abolished slavery in the Southern States.

2. **two-decked ship,** a ship having two rows, or tiers, of guns along each side. 'Frigates' or cruisers, had but one tier, 'battleships' had two, and sometimes three, gun decks.

3. **sail of the line,** battle-ships of two or more gun-decks each ; so called because they took their place in the line of battle. Frigates and smaller vessels acted as scouts and messengers, but as a rule were not strong enough to join in battle with the larger and slower ships.

Page 106.

1. **having been returned,** having been elected to Parliament.

Page 107.

1. **duck frock,** a cheap cotton coat or over-shirt, issued to the sailors by the purser or head storeman of the ship.

Page 110.

1. **struck his flag,** lowered his flag. An admiral, on appointment, hoists his personal flag in the flag-ship as a sign

that he is in command. When he retires, his flag is lowered and his successor's hoisted.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

Page 113.

1. **miscellanies,** miscellaneous writings on a variety of subjects.

2. **the comparative eternity of publishers' cloth,** writings of little permanent value, such as casual articles and newspaper paragraphs, perish. More important works are printed in book form and bound between cloth-covered boards. As long as the book remains they remain.

3. **commonplace book,** a sort of rough journal or diary kept by literary men in which they jot down ideas, quotations, remarks, etc., which they think will come in useful some day in some serious literary work.

4. **pump-handle,** if you work the handle of the pump, water gushes. Much of the writing known as 'journalese' gives us the impression that you only have to turn the author's tap on and the words gush forth.

5. **vital statistics,** figures relating to population, trades, occupations, birth-rate, death-rate, etc.

6. **vitiated,** spoiled ; made of little value.

7. **dilettanti,** amateurs of the literary art, who write for amusement or to pass the time.

Page 114.

1. **Threadneedle Street,** where the Bank of England is situated in London. The Bank of England issues its own bank notes. In former years private banks had the same privilege.

Page 115.

1. **Cobden and Newman,** Cobden was a great writer and economic propagandist. Newman was a clergyman in the Church of England who changed his faith and became a Roman Catholic.

2. **Unitarianism that prevented him going to Oxford.** The Unitarians are a sect who follow the teachings of Christ but do not regard him as divine. They reject the doctrine of the

Trinity. Until the latter part of last century the University of Oxford would admit no student who did not subscribe to the articles of faith of the Church of England, one of which enjoined belief in the Trinity. Unitarians were therefore debarred from the university.

3. the 'now' of London was better than the 'once' of Oxford. The London University is a new institution and confines itself mostly to the 'modern' side of education and the problems of the present day. Oxford was mainly concerned with the classical or ancient side of learning.

4. the appeal of Rome, here meaning the Roman Catholic Church.

Page 116.

1. pragmatic, diligent and businesslike, having or claiming a material sanction.

2. primitive apostolic foundation, the Catholic Church claims that the bishops of today are the direct successors of the Apostles, or first bishops, who were appointed by Christ himself.

Page 117.

1. coup d'etat, French, literally, "blow of State"—a sudden, unexpected political revolution.

Page 118.

1. Nietzschean, Nietzsche was a German philosopher noted for his rather cynical outlook.

Page 119.

1. the father of the science, Adam Smith, economist.

Page 120.

1. megrims, fits of despondency; the "blues."

Page 123.

1. vivisect, to cut up alive for the purpose of scientific investigation. Here used to denote merciless critical examination of his own friends.

GEDDES.

Page 125.

1. **seventy-three years of age,** the passage means that although in years he was an elderly man he had the vigour and keenness of youth.

2. **scintillating,** shining brilliantly, twinkling like a star.

3. **satyr,** a mythical creature of classical mythology, inhabiting forests and wild places.

Page 127.

1. **monastic discipline,** life in a Christian monastery is very strict. Every hour of the day has its appointed task, and even in the night the monks are roused for prayer. In some Orders speech is forbidden.

Page 128.

1. **sterilizing,** rendering sterile, or making incapable of producing life.

Page 129.

1. **the vexed coal crisis**, the Great Coal Strike in Great Britain; the miners demanded shorter hours and higher wages, these the owners declared they couldnot afford. It was eventually settled by compromise.

2. **pigeon-holes**, small compartments in an office into which files and papers are put. Each pigeon-hole concerns a particular subject. Hence 'pigeon-holing' can mean classifying.

Page 130.

1. **'Bunkum,'** an American term meaning nonsense, or an absurd statement or claim. See 'Debunk'.

Page 131.

1. **Kabballa,** the mystic signs and inscriptions of the magicians.

2. **out-of-date catalogue system**. Booksellers have to consider the public to whom they sell their books. They have a tendency to classify books under certain fixed and immutable heads—Fiction, Religion, Poetry, Drama, Economics, Political Science, Biology, etc., and the books they publish fall under one head or the other. With a man like Professor Geddes, who in one book

touches many subjects, they are at a loss and hesitate to publish his work because they cannot tell how the public will like it.

Page 133.

1. **Royal Highlanders,** more commonly called the "Black Watch."

Page 135.

1. **graphics,** plans, charts or drawings to represent an idea to the eye which would be difficult to express in words.

2. **etho-polity,** the state attitude towards manner of living, etc.

Page 136.

1. **taboo,** strictly forbidden; a Polynesian word originally used for religious prohibitions.

2. **the cloister,** here used for the monastery. Strictly a cloister is a covered arcade or verandah surrounding a quadrangle.

3. **swastika,** an ancient four-armed symbol, probably Chinese in origin. Many magical meanings have been ascribed to it. It has been adopted as the badge of the German Nazi State.

Page 137.

1. **the quest of the Holy Grail.** Ancient Christian tradition asserts that the grail, or cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper, was lost and that it could only be recovered by one who sought it with an absolutely pure heart and with no unworthy motive. Several of King Arthur's knights are reported to have gone on the quest. The phrase has here been used to indicate an ideal of research and labour, regardless of expense and sacrifice and with no desire for monetary reward.

2. **the Rockefeller Foundation,** a Foundation which supplies funds as loans or gifts for scientific and sociological research. The Foundation is the gift of the great American millionaire Mr. Rockefeller, reputed to be the richest man in the world.

3. **the famous 'Emden,'** a German light cruiser which sank many ships in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific in 1914. She bombarded Madras on one occasion. She was eventually destroyed by the Australian Cruiser H.M.A.S. 'Sydney' at Cocos Island.

4. war-vandalism, unnecessary destruction of things of value and beauty. The Vandals were a Teutonic tribe who moved south when the Roman Empire decayed. They are reported to have destroyed wilfully many beautiful buildings and works of art.

Page 138.

1. the M. C., the Military Cross, an honour given to officers for bravery and meritorious service in battle.

2. the Legion of Honour, a French honour, having both military and civil sides. It is a high honour when given to a foreigner.

3. "the ace of the balloons," an Air Force officer who distinguished himself by bringing down a number of enemy machines was called an 'Ace' or 'top card'. The balloons were observation balloons, called by the troops 'sausages' because of their shape. They were anchored by a long cable to a winding machine on the ground and could be pulled down at will, but only very slowly. Two Air Force observers stood in a basket suspended from the balloon and watched for movements in the enemy's country through field glasses, reporting to the batteries, etc., below by telephone. It was very dangerous work as the 'sausages' were frequently attacked by German Aeroplanes which fired inflammable bullets into the gas-bag. The observers would then have to jump with parachutes to save their lives.

MILTON.

Page 143.

1. Popish faith, the Roman Catholic Church.

2. scrivener, literally 'writer.' In the early days of printing many manuscripts and documents were slowly, laboriously and accurately copied by hand, and important legal documents embossed by skilled and learned writers.

Page 149.

1. Independent party, a religious and political group led by Oliver Cromwell. They disliked the form of Church government of both the Church of England and the Presbyter-

ian Church. They claimed that each congregation should be its own authority.

2. Presbyterians, a Protestant sect which has become the National Church of Scotland. They were powerful in England in the time of Cromwell. They had a republican form of Church Government, with an elected Moderator and an assembly of ministers and laymen.

3. tyrannicide, the removal of a tyrant by putting him to death.

4. ad hominem, literally 'at the man.' A form of argument used in debate when the matter of the argument concerns not so much general principles but individual opponents.

Page 154.

1. fabulous period, the period before there was any reliable written history. All we know of these times comes to us in fables and legends. King Arthur belongs to the fabulous period in British history.

Page 155.

1. gout, a painful and prolonged disease.

JOSEPH LISTER—SURGEON.

Page 157.

1. transept, many Christian churches are built on the plan of a cross. The arms of the cross are called the transepts.

Page 158.

1. the Society of Friends, the religious sect of Quakers.

2. Optics, the science of light and vision, including lenses, telescopes, microscopes, etc.

3. Royal Society, the most important British Scientific Society. To be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society is the greatest professional honour that a scientist can achieve.

Page 159.

1. including the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Until comparatively recent years, Oxford and Cambridge were purely Church of England institutions, and undergraduates had to conform to Church doctrines. Roman Catholics, Non-Conformists, Quakers, Unitarians and all non-Christians were debarred.

Page 161.

1. **inflammation**, a wound which becomes red and painful and swollen is said to be inflamed. It is due to a germ which attacks the exposed tissues. Before Lister's time many people who were operated upon by the surgeons died of blood-poisoning due to germs. Lister's great work was the introduction of 'anti-septic' surgery.

Page 162.

1. **pathology**, the science of diseases.

2. **spontaneous gangrene**, gangrene is a violent form of blood-poisoning from a wound. It very frequently causes death.

Page 164.

1. **promiscuous pit-burial**, the dead were so many that they had to be buried together in a large trench or pit.

2. **amputations**, the surgical operation for the removal of a limb.

Page 169.

1. **Sorbonne**, the University of Paris.

Page 170.

1. **the only one (peerage) yet conferred on a medical man**, this is no longer true. Several eminent surgeons and physicians have since been similarly honoured.